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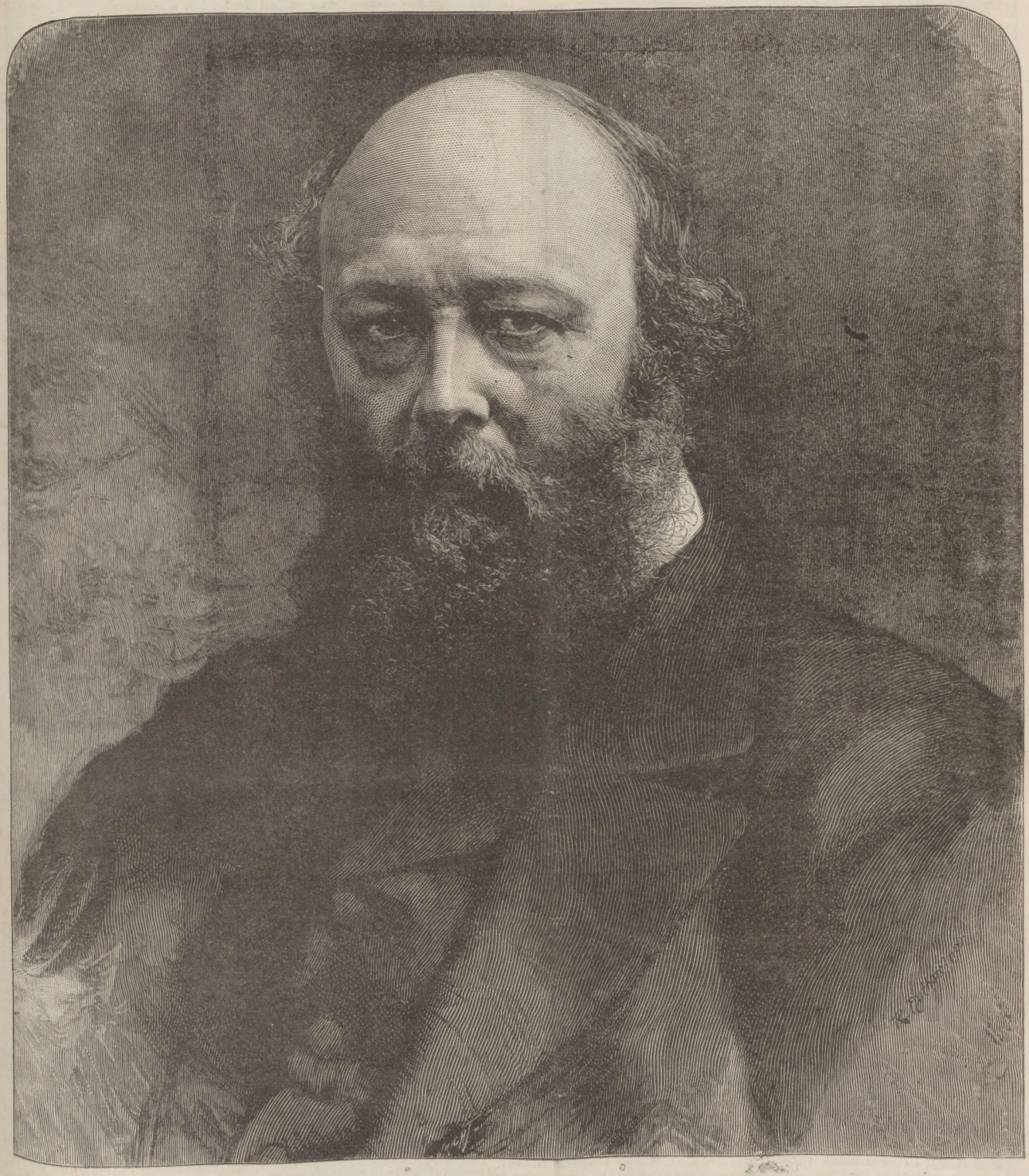

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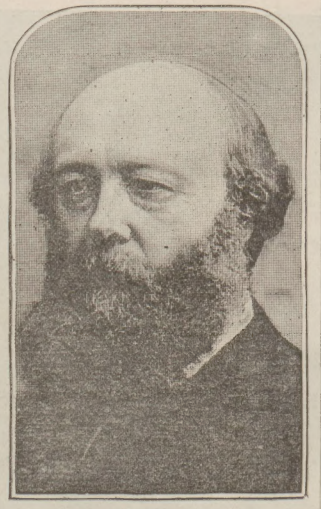
All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

## PERSONAL POLITICS

### Lord Salisbury.

THE political personage of the week is the Marquis of Salisbury, who, of necessity, was the most noticeable guest at the Guildhall



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

banquet. The Prime Minister looked tired and worried, and indeed served as a very palpable reminder to the company that the high position he holds is not all "cakes and ale." And yet it would be difficult to find among men of high attainments a more imposing figure, a more powerful physique. To Mr. Gladstone—who had long assisted in the Government of his country when, as Lord Robert Cecil, the Premier first entered Parliament—he must even now seem but a youth. Lord Robert at one time appeared destined to be a poor man and a journalist: that being the career he had mapped out for himself. And his marriage without his father's consent, and against his wishes, made application to some such career the more necessary, as the old Marquis was very wroth indeed. Both Lord Robert and his accomplished wife wrote vigorously in the *Saturday Review* and other journals for a long time. But on the death of his elder brother the handsome young journalist became Viscount Cranborne, and his future was assured. He succeeded to the Marquisate in 1868, and his career as an opponent of Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, and as Plenipotentiary to Constantinople and Berlin, is well known.

### Prime Minister

for the first time in 1885 (when Mr. Childers's unfortunate "Hundred Million Budget" brought about the defeat of the Gladstone Administration), the Marquis of Salisbury began his Premiership, it is useful to remember, with the support of the Irish Party. Politics make strange companionships. But I must not forget Party politics are tabooed in these columns. Yet it is, as I said, serviceable to bear in mind that the very Statesman who has, with Lord Hartington's aid, formed the Unionist Party to oppose Home Rule for Ireland, was, a few short years ago, in league with the leaders of the Irish Party. Prime Minister for the second time, Lord Salisbury is not at all the stern nobleman some people imagine him to be. I have often seen him cracking a joke on the woolsack with cherubic Lord Halsbury, and I have before had occasion to comment on his good-humoured colloquies (whispered asides) with Lord Cranbrook on the Ministerial bench in the House of Lords.

### How Cabinet Secrets Come Out.

The holding of the first Cabinet Council of the season is always an occasion for the gossips to make very sure of the secrets that they know, but which wild horses will not draw from them. The secret-monger is an old hand at journalism. He knows everything. He has the most wonderful *flair* for Ministers' quarrels, political departures, and the framing of new measures. Nevertheless, in spite of the pretence that surrounds much of the personal journalism of the day, it is quite true that occasionally big secrets leak out. Every now and then, of course, there is a case of giving away important documents, such as the Salisbury-Schuvaloff Memorandum, and the first draft of the Redistribution Bill of 1885. Then there are bits of indiscretion, such as Mr. W. H. Smith was guilty of some little time ago, and such as is commemorated in George Meredith's famous novel "Diana of the Crossways," in which a well-known lady unwittingly betrays Sir Robert Peel's determination to initiate a Free-Trade policy. As a rule, however, much less is known of the procedure of a Conservative than of a Liberal Ministry. The traditions of the former are against that free intercourse which very often grows up in a more democratic Government. For instance, the first Ministers to initiate a really free system of communication with the Press, and to use certain newspapers consistently for political objects which they were endeavouring to compass in the Government, were Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke. There is not the slightest doubt that the departure was a perfectly sensible one, and ought to have been taken long before, as it has been taken in the United States and in France, where all doors are open to the Lobbyist, and all secrets are, sooner or later, poured into the journalists' ears. In particular, Sir Charles Dilke was always careful to keep on good terms with the Press, and to use the new force which decides so much in the history of politics and the world.

### The Means of Communication.

Different Ministers have, of course, different methods of communication. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, employs for this purpose his son Herbert, whose great courtesy, fine manners, and real tact and cleverness, concealed under a very modest carriage and demeanour, admirably fit him for the task. There have always been some people who said that Herbert Gladstone told a little too much of his father's mind, and that he was occasionally indiscreet. I have had a good deal of communication with Mr. Herbert Gladstone, but I cannot find that the impeachment is true. Foolish reticence is often just as bad as foolish indiscretion. One of the most important tasks entrusted to Mr. Herbert Gladstone was the communication to the Press of the general scheme of the Home Rule policy, though not, of course, the Home Rule Bill, which Mr. Gladstone revealed to the world in the closing months of 1885. The medium chosen was the National Press Agency, and the whole thing was done in a conversation with one of the editors. It was, in my opinion, done with the greatest tact and ability, and was recognised by everybody who knew anything of the inside of politics as a most lucid and instructive summary of the legislation that followed. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury in the old days used to employ his nephew, Mr. Balfour, for much the same purpose as Mr. Gladstone employs his son Herbert, only Mr. Balfour's mission was more that of a negotiator, and he was concerned most of all in communications between the Government of 1885 and the front Opposition bench. He was very much liked in this connection, and undoubtedly did his work very well. As a rule, however, the man whom a Minister usually chooses to keep up his associations with the outer world in general, and his constituents in particular, is his private secretary. Mr. Gladstone has always been renowned for the cleverness and tact of his private secretaries, a large number of whom have now passed into the permanent service. Lord Beaconsfield had, of course, the model secretary for all time in the present Lord Rowton. Lord Salisbury's secretaries are generally clever young aristocrats. Mr. Chamberlain had a first-rate man of business and a very able letter-writer in Mr. Woodings, and Sir William Harcourt's son—"Lulu" Harcourt, as he is generally called—does for his father much the same kind of offices that Mr. Herbert Gladstone does for his.

### The Health of the Prince of Wales.

I am afraid that the paragraphs which have been appearing in the Press about the health of the Prince of Wales do not give any idea of the gravity of the talk that goes on in private circles. The Prince of Wales is said to be very ill indeed, and I heard one well-informed man say that there were serious doubts as to whether he was likely to outlive his mother. He is of full habit, and he has always lived well, and a rather serious gouty affection has left some trouble in the knee which, added to private anxieties, has seriously lowered the Prince's physique. The Prince has always been remarkable for an almost perfect digestion, and a capacity to eat and drink almost anything at all hours. This is now impaired, and the patient has to be rigidly dieted. His journey to Egypt seems to have restored him a good deal, but it is not true that anything like a complete recovery has been made.

### Mr. Alfred Milner.

I am sure a great many people of all shades of politics will read with regret the paragraph which announces that Mr. Alfred Milner, Mr. Goschen's secretary and right-hand man, has gone to Egypt on a financial mission. I say with regret, because, though Mr. Milner has an important duty in hand, it is well known that he is not a very vigorous man, and that health has something to do with this change of work and scene. Mr. Milner is one of the ideal figures in politics. Culture, refinement, earnestness, sincerity—all meet in his handsome face and show themselves in the man's conversation and life. Mr. Milner has had a success all his life long. He had a brilliant career at Balliol, which included the winning, I think, of the two blue ribbons of Oxford scholarship, the Hertford and the Ireland, a first class in "finals," a tutorship, a fellowship, and last, but not least, the presidency of the Oxford Union, in which Mr. Milner was *facile princeps*, both for his great gifts of speech and his fine temper, and of control over that rather "difficult" body of politicians. In London, a candidature for Harrow led, with the assistant editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the position of secretary to Mr. Goschen, who was always much attached to him. At the Treasury he has done very good work, and earned everybody's good word and respect. May he prosper in Egypt!

### Professor Stuart's Marriage.

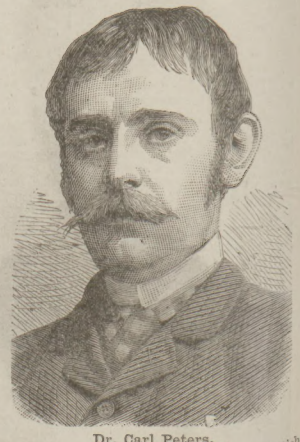
Party politics are not my line here, but apart from them there will be general congratulations for Professor Stuart on his approaching marriage with Miss Colman, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. J. Colman, M.P., the head of the great firm whose name is familiar as household words. Many people differ with Professor Stuart in politics, but none who has known him has had more than one opinion of his integrity, his talents, his earnestness, and also the charm of a singularly fine and refined nature. A monumental worker, who lets no idle minute slide away, a simple liver, and a sturdy thinker, Professor Stuart belongs to a type too rare in our public life. He created and sustained the University extension movement, he is the author of what is known as the London programme, and he was Mr. Stansfeld's first lieutenant in the crusade against the C. D. Acts. The lady to whom he is engaged is rich, clever, accomplished, and an eager advocate of the reforms to which Professor Stuart has pledged his public life. She is a great friend of Miss Helen Gladstone.

### The New Weekly.

Just a line about the new Gladstonian weekly which is to appear next January, on the fourth of the month. The editor is to be Mr. Wemyss Reid, formerly the editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and now literary manager for Messrs. Cassell. The paper will be of the same size as the *Saturday Review*, its Conservative rival, and the price will be sixpence.

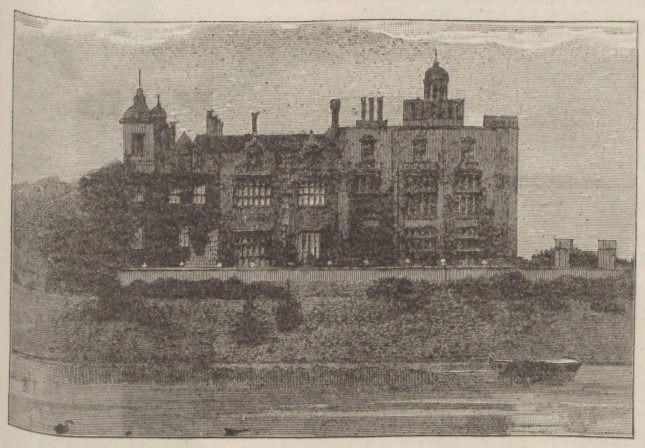
THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

## FACTS AND FACES.



Dr. Carl Peters.

THE growing interest taken by the British public in East Africa was reflected in the Prime Minister's Guildhall speech. When the vast mineral wealth of that fruitful and golden land is fully laid bare to the civilised world, more and more honour will probably be awarded to the brave pioneers who, like Dr. Livingstone, Henry M. Stanley, Emin Pasha, Dr. Carl Peters, and other explorers, pluckily risked their lives to open up to us the "Dark Continent." We have every hope now that Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha will reach Zanzibar in safety. But it appears, alas! to be only too true that intrepid Dr. Peters and his exploring party met with their death in an encounter with some native tribes, either Masais or Somalis. One of his companions, Lieutenant Tiedeman, though wounded, succeeded in escaping, after shooting four of the enemy. Son of a clergyman, and a native of Neuhas, Dr. Carl Peters was but thirty-three years of age. He won distinction as a philologist in Berlin University. Founder of the German Colonial Society, Carl Peters was a forerunner of Captain Wissmann in East Africa, where he has come to a violent end. We deplore his loss. It has been said, but one may trust there is no foundation for the report, that he was too rough in his treatment of the Africans. Now that



HATFIELD HOUSE, LORD SALISBURY'S COUNTRY SEAT.

adventurous spirits are in large numbers making for the East African goldfields—and how rich South-east Africa is in gold and diamonds the special chart of the East and South African Telegraph Company clearly shows—it is earnestly to be hoped that the natives will receive the consideration which is their due.

### Hatfield House.

Though Hatfield, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, is only twenty-six miles' ride from King's-cross, and the house is only a stone's-throw from the railway station, there are very few who find time and opportunity to visit the stately and historic residence of the Prime Minister. And yet its attractions are manifold. Chatsworth, Warwick, and many another nobleman's seat recall to me this or that charm; but in not one are there so many objects of interest as at Hatfield. It must not be thought, however, that this is the same Hatfield where Queen Elizabeth spent her early years, and where at twenty-six years of age the nobles came to greet her as Queen of England. The great hall, with its stained-glass windows, in which the last of the Tudor Sovereigns received the courtiers who had ridden down to do her homage, is now a stable. Not since the time of Caligula, it has been said, have horses been so well housed.

### The New Mansion.

The new mansion was built in 1612 for that Earl of Salisbury who was the Minister of James I. Its style is a mixture of Italian Renaissance and Elizabethan. It boasts of handsome dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, and armouries, splendid staircases, and a magnificent library. The bed-rooms are named after the Sovereigns and famous persons who at different times have occupied them. There is King James's Room, the Queen's Room, the Wellington, Cromwell, and Beaconsfield Rooms, all of which leave a sense of stately discomfort. Then there is a chapel in which the Marquis attends service when at Hatfield. This is very frequently, his while Parliament is sitting Hatfield is his regular Saturday to Monday residence. The place is lit by electric light, in which Lord Salisbury, who from his youngest days has had enthusiasm for science, takes great interest. Among general curiosities shown to the visitor are the genealogical tree of Queen Elizabeth—an enormous scroll, which purports to go back to Adam and Eve; the cradle of Queen Anne; and the quill pen with which Lord Beaconsfield signed the Berlin Treaty.

### Mr. C. Burton Barber's "Amateurs"

(the central portion of which is sketched below) at once arrested my attention in the new exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. Why? Why, not only because this justly popular Artist has presented us with a picture which is admirably bright and natural, but also for the good reason that he likewise painted the attractive domestic subject which is faithfully reproduced by Messrs. Keep and Co. in the Coloured Plate entitled "Just like Grandma!" to be given away with the Special Christmas Number of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. I think my readers will agree with me that this forthcoming Coloured Plate is an excellent specimen, alike of the exquisite art of Mr. C. Burton Barber and of the delicate art of the Colour Printers, whose beautiful execution of "Bubbles" gained for them the warm praise of Sir John Millais. With respect to the array of new paintings generally at the Institute, it may be certainly said that the exhibition is a good one.

### Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

In a few days we may expect to see a new opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan at the Savoy Theatre. There is so much secrecy observed by author and composer when any new opera is about to be produced that I do not profess to have much information to tell my readers; but a little bird whispered to me that the new work is likely to be upon the old lines, and decidedly humorous. In fact, by a mysterious chance I have heard some of the music, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it beautiful. The concerted music is simply lovely, and the incidents, scenes, and dialogue I was privileged to hear gave promise of being extremely amusing, animated, and original. There are some who like Mr. Gilbert and some who do not, but, if I may be forgiven for the quotation, "He's all right when you know him; but you've got to know him fust." Still, Mr. Gilbert does not choose to be known to everybody. He is in all respects a remarkable man—the most original dramatic author of the day, not a mere spinner of verbal conceits, but an original humourist both in his conceptions of character and in his dialogue. He has been reviled for his supposed cynicism, but it must be a very obtuse person who does not take it for what it really is—nothing but daring satire, and by no means so ill-humoured as some dull persons imagine. When Mr. Gilbert chooses he has a true and genial vein of sentiment, as witness his "Dan'l Druce," "Sweethearts," "Gretchen," and nothing can be sweeter than some of the delicate touches in "Pygmalion and Galatea." Humour, sentiment, and tender feeling are so closely allied in that charming piece that it will probably in future days be regarded as a classic. "The Palace of Truth" is as exquisite an adaptation of a fairy tale as the stage has ever seen. His caricature of the Laureate's "Princess" was not at all ill-humoured. Of course "Engaged" was simply a bit of wild extravagance. The comic operas speak for themselves. They have forced their way into Continental theatres by the sheer brilliancy of their ideas. A dramatist who has written so much will naturally sometimes fail, but if we take the brightest of Mr. Gilbert's productions we shall find nothing of the kind to compare with them.

### The New Pelican Club

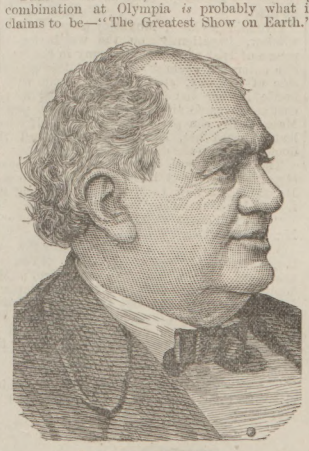
in Gerard-street, Soho, was shortly after midnight on Sunday last the scene of a short, sharp boxing-match between the ex-champion, Jem Smith, and a formidable young negro pugilist, Peter Jackson. I don't envy my old friend Mr. George H. Vize the post of Umpire, which this strong ex-amateur champion boxer was well qualified, however, to fill with credit. The decisive battle was quickly over. The darkey proved too quick and too nimble a boxer for Jem Smith, who was so severely punished in the first round that he began wrestling in the second, and was declared to have fouled his dexterous antagonist. There was quite a swell company of Pelicans present; but it will be charitable not to specify who were at this remarkable pugilistic midnight meeting. THE PROMPTER.

## MUSIC & THE DRAMA

### Mr. P. T. Barnum,

like Yankee Doodle, has come to town, but not by any manner of means "on a little pony," such as the American song celebrates. Rather would the illustrious Phineas, the American exploiter of Tom Thumb, Jenny Lind, the "Two-Headed Nightingale," Jumbo and Alice, and the "Sacred White Elephant," have entered London on the back of a dromedary at the head of "the Greatest Show on Earth"—if Mr. Monro would only have allowed him to do so. But Barnum's projected procession was not allowed to put the nose of the Lord Mayor's Show out of joint. Mr. Barnum was solaced on Nov. 8 with a banquet, presided over by Lord Kilmorey, at the resplendent Hôtel Victoria, and was toasted to his heart's content when Mr. George Augustus Sala had proposed his health in a rattling good speech, full of humour and cloquence. Mr. Barnum is America's Grand Old Man. He carries his eighty years as well and as lightly as Mr. Gladstone bears his. He tells anecdotes with great gusto and point. In fine, he has at once established himself as a public favourite in London.

Take it all in all, Barnum's extraordinary combination at Olympia *is* probably what it claims to be—"The Greatest Show on Earth."



MR. P. T. BARNUM.

It is so many-sided! Entering on Monday night by the door nearest the Addison-road Station, I was glad to renew acquaintance in the first place with our old elephantine friend Jumbo, albeit there were but the skeleton and the stuffed frame of the former King of the "Zoo" to remind one of his departed greatness. What shall I say of Barnum's Museum of Living Curiosities? Well, you must see them for yourselves. When you have done smiling at the vanity of the "Skeleton Dude," there's a pocket dwarf to admire, and a brace of giants to gaze at. Here are the Aztecs again, a group of warlike Zulus, a "Strong Man" of the Samson type, Albinos of radiant beauty, and human wonders to excite curiosity in every direction. I own I was most perplexed by the sight of the bodiless beauties, rejoicing in comely faces and busts, but nothing else! These marvels must be seen to be believed. I remember to have seen the marriage of the giant Major Bates and the fair giraffe of a giantess, Miss Swan, at St. Martin's Church some years back, when "The Two-Headed Nightingale" acted as bridesmaid; but I am unable to say whether public attention is to be called afresh to Barnum's Olympian Show by any new union of this kind. A word of warm praise should be given Messrs. Barnum and Bailey for the care evidently taken of their fine collection of wild beasts, herd of elephants, and teams of horses, the plump condition of which speaks volumes as to the excellence of the commissariat.

A dozen pairs of eyes would be needed to see all that transpires within the arena of Olympia. When a superbly brilliant opening procession has dazzled your optics, and after Mr. Barnum has been driven round in a victoria, cheered by thousands of spectators, there is an amazing succession of equestrian and acrobatic feats and performances. These take place in three great rings. Thus, there are three "goddesses in gauze" jumping through hoops at one and the same time; there are male and female trapezists and a clever young wire-rope walker exhibiting their agility simultaneously; there are seals, elks, and other animals vieing with each other all at once; the "high school" of horsemanship is exemplified; there are acrobatic Parisian quadrillers, jugglers, and clowns to keep the fun going. And these circus and platform performances are diversified by exciting contests, comprising Trotting, Roman, Di Vernon, and Monkey Races, which stimulate public applause or laughter. When eleven o'clock was reached, and there was still the glittering pageant of "Nero" to crown the entertainment, I was compelled to catch my train, leaving for another visit the vision of what I am told is a magnificent spectacular drama of old Rome. THESPIS.

**Pity the Poor Tram-men.**—Mr. John Burns presided at a meeting of tramway and omnibus men held early last Saturday morning at the small Assembly Hall, Mile-end-road, in support of the London and Counties Tramways and Omnibus Employés' Union.

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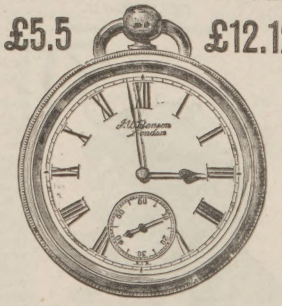

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# BLIND LOVE.

## WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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### CHAPTER VII.

DOCTORING THE DOCTOR.

ASKING for Miss Henley at the doctor's door, Hugh was informed that she had gone out, with her invalid maid, for a walk. She had left word, if Mr. Mountjoy called in her absence, to beg that he would kindly wait for her return.

On his way up to the drawing-room, Mountjoy heard Mrs. Vimpany's sonorous voice occupied, as he supposed, in reading aloud. The door being opened for him, he surprised her, striding up and down the room with a book in her hand; grandly declaiming without anybody to applaud her. After what Hugh had already heard, he could only conclude that reminiscences of her theatrical career had tempted the solitary actress to make a private appearance, for her own pleasure, in one of those tragic characters to which her husband had alluded. She recovered her self-possession on Mountjoy's appearance, with the ease of a mistress of her art. "Pardon me," she said, holding up her book with one hand, and tapping it indicatively with the other; "Shakespeare carries me out of myself. A spark of the poet's fire burns in the poet's humble servant. May I hope that I have made myself understood? You look as if you had a fellow-feeling for me."

Mountjoy did his best to fill the sympathetic part assigned to him, and only succeeded in showing what a bad actor he would have been, if he had gone on the stage. Under the sedative influence thus administered, Mrs. Vimpany put away her book, and descended at once from the highest poetry to the lowest prose.

"Let us return to domestic events," she said indulgently. "Have the people at the inn given you a good dinner?"

"The people did their best," Mountjoy answered cautiously.

"Has my husband returned with you?" Mrs. Vimpany went on.

Mountjoy began to regret that he had not waited for Iris in the street. He was obliged to acknowledge that the doctor had not returned with him.

"Where is Mr. Vimpany?"

"At the inn."

"What is he doing there?"

Mountjoy hesitated. Mrs. Vimpany rose again into the regions of tragic poetry. She stepped up to him as if he had been Macbeth, and she was ready to use the daggers. "I understand but too well," she declared in terrible tones. "My wretched husband's vices are known to me. Mr. Vimpany is intoxicated."

Hugh tried to make the best of it. "Only asleep," he said. Mrs. Vimpany looked at him once more. This time, it was Queen Katharine looking at Cardinal Wolsey. She bowed with lofty courtesy, and opened the door. "I have occasion," she said, "to go out"—— and made an exit.

Five minutes later, Mountjoy (standing at the window, impatiently on the watch for the return of Iris) saw Mrs. Vimpany in the street. She entered a chemist's shop, on the opposite side of the way, and came out again with a bottle in her hand. It was enclosed in the customary medical wrapping of white paper. Majestically, she passed out of sight. If Hugh had followed her, he would have traced the doctor's wife to the door of the inn.

The unemployed waiter was on the house-steps, looking about him—with nothing to see. He made his bow to Mrs. Vimpany, and informed her that the landlady had gone out.

"You will do as well," was the reply. "Is Mr. Vimpany here?"

The waiter smiled, and led the way through the passage to the foot of the stairs. "You can hear him, ma'am." It was quite true; Mr. Vimpany's snoring answered for Mr. Vimpany. His wife ascended the first two or three stairs, and stopped to speak again to the waiter. She asked what the two gentlemen had taken to drink with their dinner. They had taken "the French Wine."

"And nothing else?"

The waiter ventured on a little joke. "Nothing else," he said—"and more than enough of it, too."

"Not more than enough, I suppose, for the good of the house," Mrs. Vimpany remarked.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; the claret the two gentlemen drank is not charged for in the bill."

"What do you mean?"

The waiter explained that Mr. Mountjoy had purchased the whole stock of the wine. Suspicion, as well as surprise, appeared in Mrs. Vimpany's face. She had hitherto thought it likely that Miss Henley's gentlemanlike friend might be secretly in love with the young lady. Her doubts of him, now, took a wider range of distrust. She went on up the stairs by herself, and banged the door of the private room as the easiest means of waking the sleeping man. To the utmost noise that she could make in this way, he was perfectly impenetrable. For a while she waited, looking at him across the table with unutterable contempt.

There was the man to whom the religion of the land and the law of the land, acting together in perfect harmony, had fettered her for life! Some women, in her position, might have wasted time in useless self-reproach. Mrs. Vimpany reviewed her miserable married life with the finest mockery of her own misfortune. "Virtue," she said to herself, "is its own reward."

Glancing with careless curiosity at the disorder of the dinner-table, she noticed some wine still left in the bottom of her husband's glass. Had artificial means been used to reduce him to his present condition? She tasted the claret. No: there was nothing in the flavour of it which betrayed that he had been drugged. If the waiter was to be believed, he had only drunk claret—and there he was, in a state of helpless stupefaction, nevertheless.

She looked again at the dinner-table, and discovered one among the many empty bottles with some wine still left in it. After a moment of reflection, she took a clean tumbler from the sideboard.

Here was the wine which had been an object of derision to Mr. Vimpany and his friends. They were gross feeders and drinkers; and it might not be amiss to put their opinions to the test. She was not searching for the taste of a drug now; her present experiment proposed to try the wine on its own merits.

At the time of her triumphs on the country stage—before the date of her unlucky marriage—rich admirers had entertained the handsome actress at suppers, which offered every luxury that the most perfect table could supply. Experience had made her acquainted with the flavour of the finest claret—and that experience was renewed by the claret which she was now tasting. It was easy to understand why Mr. Mountjoy had purchased the wine; and, after a little thinking, his motive for inviting Mr. Vimpany to dinner seemed to be equally plain. Foiled in their first attempt at discovery by her own prudence and tact, his suspicions had set their trap. Her gross husband had been tempted to drink, and to talk at random (for Mr. Mountjoy's benefit) in a state of intoxication!

What secrets might the helpless wretch not have betrayed, before the wine had completely stupefied him?

Urged by rage and fear, she shook him furiously. He woke; he glared at her with blood-shot eyes; he threatened her with his clenched fist. There was but one way of lifting his purblind stupidity to the light. She appealed to his experience of himself, on many a former occasion: "You fool, you have been drinking again—and there 's a patient waiting for you." To that dilemma he was accustomed: the statement of it partially roused him. Mrs. Vimpany tore off the paper wrapping, and opened the medicine-bottle which she had brought with her.

He stared at it; he muttered to himself: "Is she going to poison me?" She seized his head with one hand, and held the open bottle to his nose. "Your own prescription," she cried, "for yourself and your hateful friends."

His nose told him what words might have tried vainly to say; he swallowed the mixture. "If I lose the patient," he muttered oracularly, "I lose the money." His resolute wife dragged him out of his chair. The second door in the dining-room led into an empty bed-chamber. With her help, he got into the room, and dropped on the bed.

Mrs. Vimpany consulted her watch.

On many a former occasion she had learnt what interval of repose was required, before the sobering influence of the mixture could successfully assert itself. For the present, she had only to return to the other room. The waiter presented himself, asking if there was anything he could

*He surprised her, striding up and down the room with a book in her hand.*

*Urged by rage and fear, she shook him furiously.*

*The man of all others whom Hugh least desired to see was the man who now entered the room.*

do for her. Familiar with the defective side of her husband's character, he understood what it meant when she pointed to the bed-room door.

"The old story, ma'am," he said, with an air of respectful sympathy. "Can I get you a cup of tea?"

Mrs. Vimpany accepted the tea, and enjoyed it thoughtfully.

She had two objects in view—to be revenged on Mountjoy, and to find a way of forcing him to leave the town before he could communicate his discoveries to Iris. How to reach these separate ends, by one and the same means, was still the problem which she was trying to solve, when the doctor's coarse voice was audible, calling for somebody to come to him.

If his head was only clear enough, by this time, to understand the questions which she meant to put, his answers might suggest the idea of which she was in search. Rising with alacrity, Mrs. Vimpany returned to the bed-chamber.

"You miserable creature," she began, "are you sober now?"

"I'm as sober as you are."

"Do you know," she went on, "why Mr. Mountjoy asked you to dine with him?"

"Because he's my friend."

"He is your worst enemy. Hold your tongue! I'll explain what I mean directly. Rouse your memory, if you have got a memory left. I want to know what you and Mr. Mountjoy talked about, after dinner."

He stared at her helplessly. She tried to find her way to his recollection by making suggestive inquiries. It was useless; he only complained of being thirsty. His wife lost her self-control. She was too furiously angry with him to be able to remain in the room. Recovering her composure, when she was alone, she sent for soda-water and brandy. Her one chance of making him useful was to humour his vile temper; she waited on him herself.

In some degree, the drink cleared his muddled head. Mrs. Vimpany tried his memory once more. Had he said this? Had he said that? Yes: he thought it likely. Had he, or had Mr. Mountjoy, mentioned Lord Harry's name? A glimmer of intelligence showed itself in his stupid eyes. Yes—and they had quarrelled about it; he rather thought he had thrown a bottle at Mr. Mountjoy's head. Had they, either of them, said anything about Miss Henley? Oh, of course! What was it? He was unable to remember. Had his wife done bothering him, now?

"Not quite," she replied. "Try to understand what I am going to say to you. If Lord Harry comes to us, while Miss Henley is in our house"——

He interrupted her: "That's your business."

"Wait a little. It's my business, if I hear beforehand that his lordship is coming. But he is quite reckless enough to take us by surprise. In that case, I want you to make yourself useful. If you happen to be at home, keep him from seeing Miss Henley until I have seen her first."

"Why?"

"I want an opportunity, my dear, of telling Miss Henley that I have been wicked enough to deceive her, before she finds it out for herself. I may hope she will forgive me, if I confess everything."

The doctor laughed: "What the devil does it matter whether she forgives you or not?"

"It matters a great deal."

"Why, you talk as if you were fond of her!"

"I am."

The doctor's clouded intelligence was beginning to clear; he made a smart reply: "Fond of her, and deceiving her—aha!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "that's just what it is. It has grown on me, little by little; I can't help liking Miss Henley."

"Well," Mr. Vimpany remarked, "you *are* a fool!" He looked at her cunningly. "Suppose I do make myself useful, what am I to gain by it?"

"Let us get back," she suggested, "to the gentleman who invited you to dinner, and made you tipsy for his own purposes."

"I'll break every bone in his skin!"

"Don't talk nonsense! Leave Mr. Mountjoy to me."

"Do *you* take his part? I can tell you this. If I drank too much of that poisonous French stuff, Mountjoy set me the example. He was tipsy—as you call it—shamefully tipsy, I give you my word of honour. What's the matter now?"

His wife (so impenetrably cool, thus far) had suddenly become excited. There was not the smallest fragment of truth in what he had just said of Hugh, and Mrs. Vimpany was not for a moment deceived by it. But the lie had, accidentally, one merit—it suggested to her the idea which she had vainly tried to find, over her cup of tea. "Suppose I show you how you may be revenged on Mr. Mountjoy," she said, "will you remember what I asked you to do for me, if Lord Harry takes us by surprise?"

He produced his pocket-diary, and told her to make a memorandum of it. She wrote: "Keep Lord Harry from seeing Miss Henley, till I have seen her first."

"Now," she said, taking the chair by the bedside, "you shall know what a clever wife you have got. Listen to me."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HER FATHER'S MESSAGE.

Looking out of the drawing-room window, for the tenth time at least, Mountjoy at last saw Iris in the street, returning to the house.

She brought the maid with her into the drawing-room, in the gayest of good spirits, and presented Rhoda to Mountjoy.

"What a blessing a good long walk is, if we only knew it!" she exclaimed. "Look at my little maid's colour! Who would suppose that she came here with heavy eyes and pale cheeks? Except that she loses her way in the town, whenever she goes out alone, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on our residence at Honeybuzzard. The doctor is Rhoda's good genius, and the doctor's wife is her fairy godmother."

Mountjoy's courtesy having offered the customary congratulations, the maid was permitted to retire; and Iris was free to express her astonishment at the friendly relations established (by means of the dinner-table) between the two most dissimilar men on the face of creation.

"There is something overwhelming," she declared, "in the bare idea of your having asked him to dine with you—on such a short acquaintance, and being such a man! I should like to have peeped in, and seen you entertaining your guest with the luxuries of the hotel larder."

Hugh could endure it no longer. "Pray control your high spirits for a moment," he said. "I have news for you from home."

"News from my father?" she asked.

"A telegram," Mountjoy explained, "in answer to a letter from me. I did my best to press your claims on him, and I am glad to say I have not failed."

"Hugh, dear Hugh! have you succeeded in reconciling us?"

Mountjoy produced the telegram. "I asked Mr. Henley," he said, "to let me know at once whether he would receive you, and to answer plainly Yes or No. The message might have been more kindly expressed—but, at any rate, it is a favourable reply."

Iris read the telegram. "Is there another father in the world," she said sadly, "who would tell his daughter, when she asks to come home, that he will receive her on trial!"

"Surely, you are not offended with him, Iris?"

She shook her head. "I am like you," she said. "I know him too well to be offended. He shall find me dutiful, he shall find me patient. I am afraid I must not expect you to wait for me in Honeybuzzard. Will you tell my father that I hope to return to him in a week's time?"

"Pardon me, Iris, I see no reason why you should waste a week in this town. On the contrary, the more eager you show yourself to return to your father, the more likely you are to recover your place in his estimation. I had planned to take you home by the next train."

"Is it possible that you mean what you say?"

"My dear, I do most assuredly mean what I say. Why should you hesitate? What possible reason can there be for staying here any longer?"

"Oh, Hugh, how you disappoint me! What has become of your kind feeling, your sense of justice, your consideration for others? Poor Mrs. Vimpany!"

"What has Mrs. Vimpany to do with it?"

As he spoke, Mrs. Vimpany joined them; returning from her interview with her husband at the inn. She looked first at Iris, and at once perceived signs of disturbance in the young lady's face.

Concealing her anxiety under that wonderful stage smile, which affords a refuge to so many secrets, Mrs. Vimpany said a few words excusing her absence. Miss Henley answered, without the slightest change in her friendly manner to the doctor's wife. The signs of disturbance were evidently attributable to some entirely unimportant cause, from Mrs. Vimpany's point of view. Mr. Mountjoy's discoveries had not been communicated yet.

"It is a very simple matter," Hugh said to Mrs. Vimpany. "Miss Henley's father is anxious that she should return to him, after an estrangement between them which is happily at an end. Do you think she ought to allow any accidental engagements to prevent her from going home at once? If she requests your indulgence, under the circumstances, has she any reason to anticipate a refusal?"

Mrs. Vimpany's expressive eyes looked up, with saintly resignation, at the dirty ceiling—and asked in dumb show what she had done to deserve the injury implied by a doubt!

"Mr. Mountjoy," she said sternly, "you insult me by asking the question. Dear Miss Henley," she continued, turning to Iris, "*you* will do me justice, I am sure. Am I capable of allowing my own feelings to stand in the way, when your filial duty is concerned? Leave me, my sweet friend. Go! I entreat you, go home!"

She retired up the stage—no, no; she withdrew to the other end of the room—and burst into the most becoming of all human tears, theatrical tears. Impulsive Iris hastened to comfort the personification of self-sacrifice, the model of all that was most unselfish in female submission. "For shame! for shame!" she whispered, as she passed Mountjoy.

Beaten again by Mrs. Vimpany—with no ties of relationship to justify resistance to Miss Henley; with two women against him, intrenched behind the privileges of their sex—the one last sacrifice of his own feelings, in the interests of Iris, that Hugh could make was to control the impulse which naturally urged him to leave the house. In the helpless position in which he had now placed himself, he could only wait to see what course Mrs. Vimpany might think it desirable to take.

"Dear Miss Henley, let me help you to pack up," Mrs. Vimpany said.

Iris positively refused.

"No," she said, "I don't agree with Mr. Mountjoy. My father leaves it to me to name the day when we meet. I hold you, my dear, to our engagement—I don't leave an affectionate friend as I might leave a stranger."

Even if Mr. Mountjoy communicated his discoveries to Miss Henley, on the way home, there would be no danger now of her believing him.

"Your kindness will make my lonely lot in life harder than ever to bear," murmured Mrs. Vimpany, "when you are gone."

"But we may hope to meet in London," Iris reminded her; "unless Mr. Vimpany alters his mind about leaving this place."

"My husband will not do that, dear. He is determined to try his luck, as he says, in London. In the meantime you will give me your address, won't you? Perhaps you will even promise to write to me?"

Iris instantly gave her promise, and wrote down her address in London.

If the maid had not fallen ill on the journey, and if Mrs. Vimpany had followed Miss Henley to London, there would have been little to fear in the discovery of her address—and there was little to fear now. The danger to Iris was not in what might happen while she was living under her father's roof, but in what might happen if she was detained (by plans for excursions) in Mr. Vimpany's house, until Lord Harry might join her there.

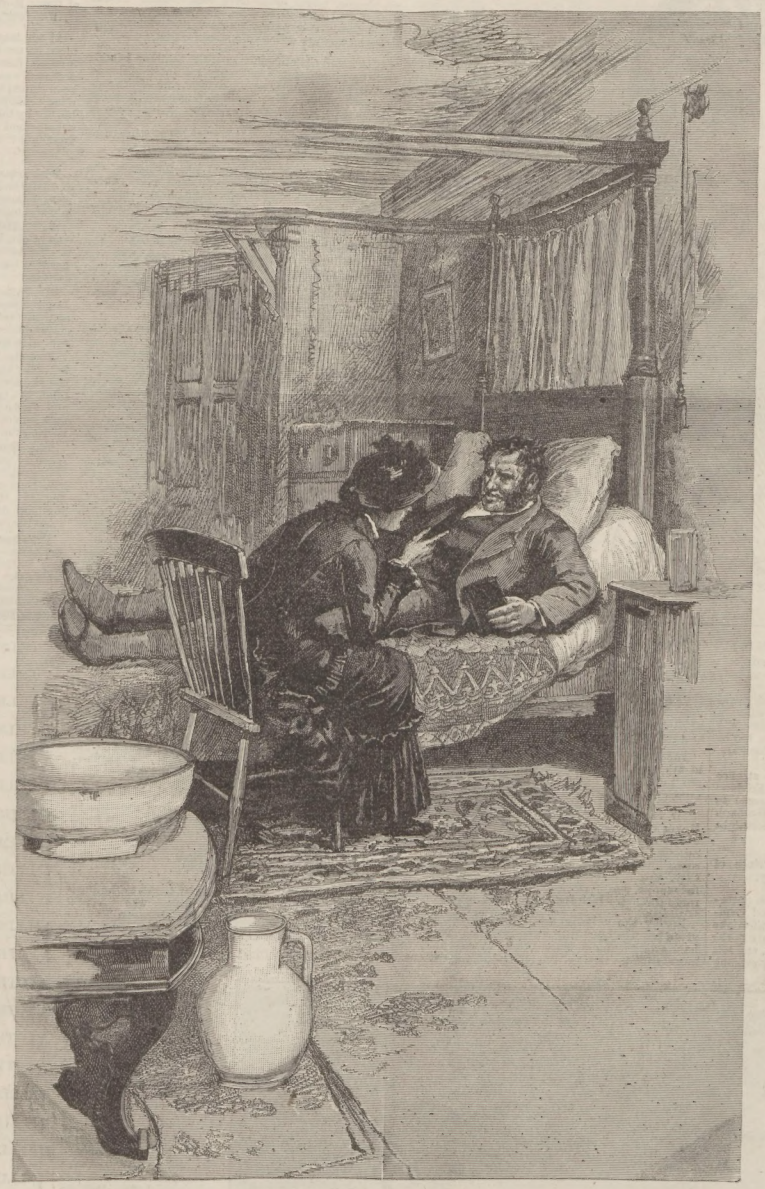
Mrs. Vimpany returned again to the window. On this occasion she looked out into the street—with her handkerchief (was it used as a signal?) exhibited in her hand. Iris, on her side, advanced to Mountjoy. Easily moved to anger, her nature was incapable of sullen perseverance in a state of enmity. To see Hugh still patiently waiting—still risking the chances of insult—devoted to her, and forgiving her—was at once a reproach that punished Iris, and a mute appeal that no true woman's heart could resist.

With tears in her eyes, she said to him: "There must be no coolness between you and me. I lost my temper, and spoke shamefully to you. My dear, I am indeed sorry for it. You are never hard on me—you won't be hard on me now?"

She offered her hand to him. He had just raised it to his lips—when the drawing-room door was roughly opened. They both looked round.

The man of all others whom Hugh least desired to see was the man who now entered the room. The victim of "light claret"—privately directed to lurk in the street, until he saw a handkerchief fluttering at the window—had returned to the house; primed with his clever wife's instructions; ready and eager to be even with Mountjoy for the dinner at the inn.

*(To be continued.)*



*"Now," she said, taking a chair by the bedside, "you shall know what a clever wife you have got."*

## HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN is expected to arrive at Windsor Castle from Balmoral on the morning of Saturday, the 23rd.

The weather was very fine on Deeside last week, and the Queen availed herself of the change in order to take two of her favourite long drives. One afternoon her Majesty went through Braemar into Mar Forest, and up Glen Derry for several miles; and the next day, again passing through Braemar, the Royal party drove to the romantic Linn o' Dee, where a picnic tea was served. The Queen also visited the Danzig châlet in Ballochbuie Forest, and the hut at Ait-na-Guisachan, under the shadow of Lochnagar.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will go at once to Sandringham when they return to England towards the end of this month; but they come to town on Monday, December 9, and Marlborough House will be their headquarters for about a fortnight from that day.

The forty-eighth anniversary of the Prince of Wales's birthday was celebrated on Saturday.

Prince Albert Victor arrived at Bombay on Saturday morning in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship Oceana, and was met by the Duke of Connaught and Lord Reay. He then drove to the Secretariat, where an address was presented, and left in the afternoon for Poona. On Saturday evening his Royal Highness was present at a banquet given by Lord Reay.

Two mischances—one of which at least might well have had serious consequences—befell Prince Albert Victor on Monday, in his travels in India, says a Reuter cablegram. After being photographed in the morning, and holding a reception of native Princes, his Royal Highness ascended the Pabutti Hill on an elephant. The beast stumbled and fell, but Prince Albert Victor was able to dismount in safety. In returning later to Magdala House the Prince drove in a carriage, the horses of which took fright and bolted. The carriage was damaged, but the Prince happily escaped without hurt. On Monday evening his Royal Highness dined with the Duke of Connaught. The illuminations in the city were superb.

The Duke of Edinburgh is coming to England next month for a few days to attend the personal "inauguration" of the new equestrian statue of the Prince Consort in Windsor Great Park.

Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs was sworn in as Lord Mayor of London on Saturday. The "procession," which was one of the most elaborate that has been seen in recent years, and was commemorative of the seven hundredth anniversary of the mayoralty of the City, was a complete success. The weather was favourable, and immense crowds assembled along the route through which the show passed.

During the evening the customary banquet was given by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in the Guildhall, a large and distinguished company, including most of the members of the Cabinet, being present.

JOHN WATSON LAURIE,
SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR THE MURDER OF MR. EDWIN ROSE IN ARRAN.
*From a Sketch in Court at Edinburgh by Our Own Artist.*

The trial of John Watson Laurie at Edinburgh for the murder of the English tourist Edwin Rose ended on Saturday in a verdict of guilty, which was followed by sentence of death. Laurie was the eccentric criminal who moved about the scene of his crime for two months afterwards, writing letters to the papers but constantly defying the police. The murder occurred on July 15, and Laurie was not caught until the last day of September. Rose was thirty-two years of age, and clerk to a builder. He had gone to Scotland for his summer holiday in good health and spirits, and picked up Laurie, a working engineer employed at Glasgow, on the way. The two became sufficiently friendly even to share the same room in their rambles. Finally, on July 15, the two set out to climb Goatfell, one of the mountains in the Isle of Arran. Rose never returned. Two weeks later one of an army of searchers found the body under a heap of stones, with evidence that the head of the unfortunate man had been beaten in with a large stone. Then began the search for Laurie, who, had he held his tongue, might never have been caught. It was proved that after Rose's death Laurie wore some of his clothes. Few murderers have more thoroughly deserved the fate which is in store for him.

It is stated that the natives in the Solomon Islands some time ago decoyed and murdered an Englishman named Nelson and three native boys, and afterwards devoured them. Her Majesty's cruiser Royalist reports that she shelled the villages on that part of the coast where the massacre occurred, and that the natives fled to the hills. It is stated that other cases of cannibalism have also occurred in the islands.

At the adjourned inquest on the remains of the late Mr. Ernest Weildon, of South Kensington, which were exhumed owing to suspicions as to the cause of his death, the jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

The Forth Bridge was virtually completed on the 6th inst., when, in the presence of a large gathering of spectators, the last bolts were driven connecting the Fife side and the Inchgarvie girders. The recent spell of fine weather enabled the workmen to make rapid progress in filling up the last gap.

A woman narrowly escaped being buried alive the other day at Danbury, in Connecticut. All her friends and relatives had assembled at the announcement of her death, and the arrangements for the funeral were well advanced, when signs of life appeared, and she recovered from a trance that had closely resembled death.

The improvement in Mr. Bradlaugh's condition continues. He sleeps well, and is now free from pain.

At the West London Police-Court Mr. Plowden declined to grant a summons against a milkman for disturbing a religious congregation on Sundays by calling out "Milk." The Magistrate held that the man called out in order to sell his milk, not to disturb the congregation, and that he had a right to sell milk to those who did not say their prayers.

Early on Monday morning James Glen, aged twenty-nine, a cabinet-maker, attacked his wife with a knife. He stabbed her repeatedly in various parts of the body, and her throat was cut from ear to ear. Their two little girls were witnesses of the tragedy. Glen, who had been drinking heavily, was apprehended. The doctors believe that he is insane. It was stated that there were forty wounds on the body of the deceased.

At the Kent Assizes, some time ago, a man named Smith was sentenced to six months' hard labour for writing an indecent libel on a valentine at Chatham. He stoutly protested his innocence; but the evidence of an expert was to the effect that the libel was in the prisoner's handwriting. It has now been found, however, that Smith is not guilty, and an application for his release from prison is being made.

Miss Annie Bowden, aged twenty-six, was accidentally shot at Craigantlet, near Newtownards, on Saturday night by her brother. The latter was going out to shoot wild ducks, and used his gun to push away some dogs which were running about him, when the weapon went off. Miss Bowden was shot in the leg, and bled to death.

The total number of visitors by ticket to the Paris Exhibition was 28,149,353. There was £260,000 sterling taken at the Eiffel Tower between May 15 and Nov. 6.

Miss Catherine Dixel, of Pittsburg, the heiress to £1,200,000, caused a painful sensation in society early this year by entering a nunnery as a novice. She has passed the probationary period without faltering in her resolve to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, and recently she formally took the white veil of the nun.

On Monday evening the placards of the *Evening News* announced "another Whitechapel murder," and there was a general fear that we had to do with another of the painful episodes of which there have been but too many for two years past. It turned out, however, that a Mrs. Dodd had been found dead in her room, sitting in her chair, and that there were suspicions that her step-daughter, Ellen Donovan, had killed her by knocking her on the head. The said Ellen Donovan, aged twenty-four, was charged at the Thames Police-Court, and remanded, bail for £20 being accepted — which shows that the latest "Whitechapel murder" is most probably not a murder at all.

A very large gathering in support of the demands of the journeymen bakers was held in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon. Mr. John Burns was among the speakers. A resolution in favour of the men, and pledging the meeting to boycott the "unfair" shops, was carried without opposition. The men handed in their notices on Saturday, and many employers agreed to the Union's terms. It was stated at the meeting that over a thousand employers have assented.

Barnum's show was successfully opened at Olympia on Monday evening.

A lad of sixteen was convicted at Newbury Quarter Sessions of stealing a few articles of small value from a shed, whereupon the Recorder passed the monstrous and savage sentence of five years' penal servitude, which I hope, says *Truth*, will be considerably reduced by the interference of the Home Secretary.

The Queen has sent £5 to George Pilgrim Spicer, of Great Hormead, Herts, whose wife recently gave birth to four children.

At an inquest held at Greenwich last Monday night on the body of a man, supposed to be Francis Sumnar Rose, a remarkable letter written by the deceased was read. In it Rose stated that he had been ruined by the "cursed horse-racing," and gave a most minute account of how he intended to destroy his life by taking a great quantity of opium, adding a statement "to assist the Coroner and jury." A verdict of "Suicide while insane" was returned.

**Fishermen in Luck.**—The fishermen at Dover and Deal on Nov. 11 caught large quantities of anchovies off Dover. This fish is very rarely caught except in warm climates.

**£100,000 for St. Andrews!**—The munificent sum of one hundred thousand pounds has been left to St. Andrews University by the late Mr. David Berry of Coolangatta, one of the oldest of Australian colonies.

**Sir James Hannen to get a Peerage.**—Sir James Hannen, after his retirement from the Probate and Divorce Court, will (according to the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*) receive a peerage. He would add lustre to the House.

**Bicycle Record-Breaking by Ladies.**—On Saturday night last, at the Skating Rink, Sunderland, the eighteen-hours bicycle record on a track of 20⅓ miles was broken by Lottie Stanley, with 269 miles, and Jessie Wood, with 263 miles. Both ladies are members of the American cycling team which is now visiting Sunderland.

**The New Lord Mayor** and the Lady Mayoress received on Monday, at the Mansion House, the officers and sub-officers of the Federation of Sapeurs-Pompiers of France and Algeria who led the van in the Lord Mayor's Show. His Lordship in the morning reminded City merchants that the Mansion House Poor Box was nearly empty.

**Princess Christian Suffering from Eye Disease.**—Bad accounts of the condition of Princess Christian's eyes are received from Wiesbaden, where she is under the care of the eminent oculist Dr. Tagensticker. The particular form of eye disease from which her Royal Highness is suffering is the same as that which attacked King George III.

THE MURDER IN THE ISLE OF ARRAN: WHERE THE BODY OF MR. ROSE WAS FOUND ON GOATFELL.

ATHLETES FIND INVALUABLE
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ATHLETES FOR TRAINING PURPOSES.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
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MOTHERS FIND INVALUABLE
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ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
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ALL MEN FIND INVALUABLE
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ALL MEN SOME TIME OR OTHER
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
ELLIMAN'S FOR RHEUMATISM.
ELLIMAN'S FOR LUMBAGO, SPRAINS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR CUTS, BRUISES, CHEST COLDS.
ELLIMAN'S FOR SORE THROAT FROM COLD.
ELLIMAN'S FOR STIFFNESS FROM OVER-EXERTION.
ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., Slough, England.

# THE RACING WORLD

WHILE we racing men are talking about the end of the season's near approach, we forget that to a great many of us the finish of Jockey Club-supervised racing is only a nominal termination to our labours and travels. Thank goodness, we do

### Now Get a Rest.

I say thank goodness, but might, perhaps, substitute "frost" for the former power. Our old friend Jack Frost the enemy often gives all sorts of sportsmen a holiday which does them good, but which they would not have resolution enough to give themselves. Frost has curtailed our winter steeplechase meetings. After long kicking against the pricks, lessees of courses have learned that he makes the game of chancing the weather not worth the candle.

### If Things go Straight the Profit is not Much,

and when postponement is necessitated through stress of weather there will probably be loss; while abandonment of one meeting a year will eat up two or three years' profit. I ought to make one exception from the general rule—viz. New Barns. Manchester may suffer from summer weather, but is practically

### Independent of Frost in Winter.

What with dosing the track with salt and covering it with dank litter, always styled "hay" in advertisements, Mr. Mark Price has defied the cold to stop steeplechasing and hurdle-racing. He cannot quite contract himself out of the weather's scope, though.

### Snow beats all the Preventives,

and fog can upset a good many well-laid plans. In one week now *Actum est* may be written against flat-racing's account for 1889. Then, without a break, we get Croydon and Leicester for one week, Kempton Park and Sandown in the next, with Manchester and Windsor to follow. That is all fixed up at present until Dec. 20. The worst of it is that postponements so often throw the whole line of fixtures into confusion. Liverpool November generally introduces us to drafts of high-class Irish cross-country horses, fated to find their way

### Into the Hands of the Hated Saxon,

who has to bleed freely before transfer is effected. How is it that we cannot breed good hunters? is a question frequently suggesting itself, when such deals as Captain Machell's of last week are reported. The Captain was said to have given £2000 for Citadel, but

### He only Paid £1500.

Citadel looks worth the money too, and is probably cheap, as he proved superior to the Emperor. Captain Machell is generally lucky at Aintree, both in buying and running his horses and those he manages for associates. Though the stable was disappointed in the big race, they scored in minor events, and had a winning week on the balance. Colonel North's victory in the Liverpool Cup with Philonel was not quite the sort of win he could desire, for it was no good to the majority of the public.

Aintree is a place of many sad memories, both in the Grand National week and in the November Meeting. They remind us of the deaths of Mr. George Ede and other steeplechase jockeys, of Macdonalds and Archers. It was at Aintree that the Prince of Wales received news of his brother the Duke of Albany's death; and, if I recollect aright, Archer was engaged there when his wife's illness took a fatal turn. The last sad news of Lord Falmouth came while we were at Derby.

### Master and Man Passed Away while Liverpool Racing was on.

Of late years Derby has grown greatly in importance, and

### I think that Derby is Bound to Grow.

You see that its leading shareholders would rather improve the establishment and racing on their courses than draw fat dividends. Its club, too, is a great success. Derby happens to be a sort of natural sporting centre, looked at from a railway-travelling point of view. For the populace it could hardly be better, because it is so handy for Nottingham, and the Midland Railway brings people from Manchester for about the price of an omnibus fare between Richmond and the Bank of England. Then all round are scattered noblemen's seats: county families, titled and untitled, abound. In many ways

### Derby's Situation

would deserve the auctioneer's description of "choice." To me its worst feature is one on which most folk would dilate with satisfaction. This week, as usual, we had a lot of big fields. These make racing too much of a lottery, and though pretty to look at in a general way, or while horses race on a round course, a big rush coming almost straight towards you defies analysis till the struggle is almost over. You have hardly identified the leaders ere the winner is past the post.

There is one comfort at the

### Midland Meetings

which does not always offer itself at the second of the week—Northampton: the runs of bad luck are not so long or so disastrous.

Last year there were some dreadful upsets. This autumn reunion will not be readily forgotten by some of the plungers. By the way, using the word plunger reminds me of a note I have kept pigeon-holed for a week like this. We all heard a great deal of Mr. Benzon and his plunging, but he was not a heavy bettor compared to some speculators who keep going. A gentleman, whose initials begin with Tom, bets as much, week in week out, as Benzon did in his heavy wagering days, and does not think he has been told. We have

### A North Countryman,

who a few years ago could not get a living as a bookmaker, who makes no account at all of putting £1000 on a horse in a little race. "I have lost £12,000 on the two days." I heard him say to a friend a week or two ago, just as you might say I dropped thirty shillings at pool last week. Benzon's betting was all advertised. Certainly he was biggish for a novice who played a game he did not understand to any great extent. With such men as I have quoted it is

### A Battle against the Ring,

in which, perhaps, the balance of technical skill, with valuable information, is on the side of the backer. I am pleased to say that I shall be able to defer dealing with the Manchester November Handicap until next week. Let us hope to wind up with a win.

# THE WORLD OF PASTIME

### Billiards.

THE Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, has, for very many years now, been associated with mystery, the last new magician turning to it as naturally as the needle turns to the pole. I have seen many wonder-workers in this hall, but never a more accomplished one than he who now occupies the Dudley Gallery—to wit,

### John Roberts Jun.,

the billiard champion. In the case of the conjuror we are dealing with the unknown; but in that of the billiard-player nothing is concealed from us. Skill at billiards, of all games, is what almost everyone can appreciate, since few indeed are those who do not play at it, however villanously. Spectators at a billiard-match are, nearly to a man, judges of what they are witnessing; and the fact that the

### 1000, Spot-barred.

Even billiard-table-makers appear to have had enough of giving away hundred-pound notes, although, to see a man make nearly 700 off the balls without the spot, as Roberts has done, is well worth a hundred pounds—to those who can afford it. It is certainly cheaper than giving a

### Thousand Pounds

to see two men box.

It is many years ago now since a youth who was acting as marker at the Duke of Gloucester, near the Marble Arch, began to show remarkably good form at billiards. This was

### Tom Taylor,

and his flashing upon the scene simultaneously with another youngster, S. W. Stanley, the pair threatening the supremacy of W. Cook and Roberts, occasioned no end of excitement, which culminated in a memorable four-handed match, Cook and Roberts giving Taylor and Stanley 300 start in a match of 1500 up. Taylor, I remember, made the largest break of the match—viz. 350. Nowadays Peall or Mitchell would run out in a single break. From various causes Taylor was not much seen a few years ago, and it seemed as though he had retired altogether from public competition. Suddenly, however, he blossomed out again, and, having studied the art of making cannons with a French player, he soon showed high ability at the spot-barred game. On Thursday week, when playing against North at the Aquarium, he surpassed anything he or anyone else,

except Roberts, had previously done, by compiling the very fine spot-barred break of

### 413.

This was no flash in the pan, for he had previously made some large breaks, and on the following day amassed one of 235. On this day he twice made runs of thirty-four consecutive cannons. Up to the end of last week, Roberts's best break, since he commenced playing at the Dudley Gallery, has been 380.

The extraordinary improvement in the play that has come about seems to be due, as much as anything else, to the force of example. Everything—even to the players themselves—is the same, only the breaks are larger. There is no mystery about the tables, for they are open to examination whenever play takes place.

### Ireland to the Rescue.

At last a native, in the person of one Dennis Gallagher, has been found who professes himself ready to contest the title of the "strongest man on earth" with either Samson or Sandow, or with both. He very properly says nothing about breaking iron bracelets on his arm or picture-wire on his chest. I could not do either of these things myself, but they are nevertheless tricks requiring practice and knack, besides strength. But he includes wrestling, which certainly has a very large admixture of skill in it. I think that if, to his two items of weight-lifting and half-hundredweight throwing, he added tug-of-war instead of wrestling, we should have a very fair test of strength, especially if the tug-of-war were conducted on the American "cleat" system, each man fixing his feet against a cleat and trying to haul in the rope, and not his man. I infinitely prefer our own method in ordinary team contests, but where the trial is one of strength, pure and simple, the American method possesses an advantage.

Third Trinity did win the Cambridge

### Coxwainless Fours,

but the margin by which they beat Emmanuel was so very small that one can give forth only the feeblest of crows at having foreseen the result. Third and Emmanuel met in the second round, and a monstrous piece of bungling occurred in connection with the race, such as could only occur at one of the Universities. The Cam being too narrow to permit two boats to race side by side, they start from separate posts, one below the other, finishing at corresponding posts placed precisely the same distance apart. At each of these finishing posts there should be a judge with a pistol, which he fires the instant the boat's nose crosses the line, and by the reports of these pistols the issue of the race is decided. On rare occasions the reports have been so simultaneous that it has been impossible to say that either won; while, on the other hand, instances are not unknown in which the "hanging fire" of a pistol has lost a crew the race. The system is adopted because it is the only one available, and not because it is completely satisfactory. The boat ahead has a decided advantage in having a view of its antagonist all the way, the lower boat never having the incentive of seeing the other boat gaining upon it. It is, so to speak, racing in the dark from start to finish. Well, Emmanuel and Third Trinity rowed as hard as they could all the way, and, as far as could be judged, finished about equal, only there was

### No One at the Finishing-Posts

to fire the pistols. There was, therefore, nothing to do but to row the race over again, and this was done, Third winning by about *half a second*. This extra race was, of course, a severe handicap for the winners in their race in the final on Saturday, and had their opponents, Pembroke, been as good, or only nearly as good, as Emmanuel, they might have lost in consequence. As it was, they won by 8 sec. Third Trinity last held the Cup connected with this race for four years in succession—viz. 1882, 1883, 1884, and 1885.

The clerk of the weather and the National Skating Association seem never to be able to hit it. They are always at cross-purposes, and I am really quite unable to make up my mind as to which is most at fault. Tempted by a promising frost, the N.S.A. issues a programme for various races, and everybody arrives on the scene, when, with the certainty of quarter-day, comes a thaw. This sort of in-and-out business goes on until all hope of any ice seems past, preparations are given up, and skaters go home, when there comes a cold "snap," which produces bearing ice in a couple of days. We had some very chilly weather quite recently; but the honorary secretary of the N.S.A.

### Issued His Annual Report,

and, of course, a period of extreme mildness at once set in.

Last winter was not remarkable for the amount of ice we had, but it was still notable for the skating performances accomplished, and for the fact that our Femmen established an undoubted superiority over the skaters of Holland. What always troubles me is where our skaters get their practice. Of course they get ice on the dykes long before it will bear sufficiently for a race-meeting to be held; but can compare this with the months and months of continuous skating which Canadians, Norwegians, Swedes, and Russians obtain. To me it is wonderful that our representatives can hold their own, even, much less win and establish records. The N.S.A. will do its best to secure the attendance of Von Panschin, Donoghue, and other crack skaters, if they can only get the ice.

BANSHEE.

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**A Good Use for "Unearned Increment."**—The Duke of Westminster on Saturday last threw open to the public a new garden in Pulteney-street, Grosvenor-square, laid out by him on part of his estate from which old worn-out tenements had been removed. The Duke's next step should be to enfranchise and recompense his complaining leaseholders.

**The United Kingdom Tea Company** are presenting an elegant little paper-knife to all purchasers of their 7-lb. packets of tea.

**The Reported Death of Mr. Savage Disproved.**—We are glad to hear that a Reuter's telegram from Melbourne says: "The report brought to Thursday Island of the murder of the Rev. E. B. Savage, of the London Missionary Society, by the natives in South-Eastern New Guinea has happily proved to be untrue."

**Humbug.**—A story is told of Mr. Barnum which perhaps that eminent showman can verify. It is said that some five-and-thirty years ago he delivered a lecture at Oxford before an audience composed largely of undergraduates. The subject was "Humbug," and the students were very unruly. In fact, Mr. Barnum shared the fate of many other entertainers in those days, and could not obtain a hearing. At length there was a lull, and the speaker, seizing the opportunity, shouted out, "Then you don't want to hear anything about humbug?" "We don't," was the immediate reply. Mr. Barnum looked steadily at his audience and returned, "Well, I have got your money, and there's no humbug about that." Peace with honour was immediately proclaimed.—*Daily Telegraph.*

**One of the Spanish Gitanas** who danced at the Grand Theatre of the Paris Exhibition was carried away almost before the eyes of her father the other night. The girl was only fourteen years old, and was called Soledad. She was the "star" of the gipsy troupe, and was engaged to appear in a Parisian music-hall on the 11th inst. It appears that Soledad, after having dined with her father, the gipsy captain, was waiting with her sisters in the passage of their hotel for a person who was to escort them to one of the theatres. Suddenly Soledad, who had either gone out into the street to look for the official who was to take the whole party to the theatre, or who had run away of her own accord, was missed from the group. Her father, Chivo, looked for the girl high and low, but could not find her, and was obliged to cont nt himself with informing the police of the abduction. Some of the Spanish "bull-fighters," who have already distinguished themselves by their attempts to abduct *gitanas*, are possibly responsible for the disappearance of the dark-eyed Soledad.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 1½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]

FITS.—EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, write to the SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London, and he will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 220 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

TO CURE SKIN DISEASES.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurement, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[ADVT.]

PANORAMA OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW FROM ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,
ILLUSTRATING THE ROUTE DOWN LUDGATE-HILL AND FLEET-STREET TO THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

## OUR NEW LORD MAYOR.

THE Civic King who has succeeded one of the ablest Lord Mayors of modern times is a kind-hearted and courteous gentleman—one whose natural urbanity and sound common-sense are sure guarantees that he will discharge the onerous and trying duties of his brilliant office with general satisfaction. The Right Hon. Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs commenced his reign admirably. In conjunction with his zealous colleagues, the new Sheriffs (whom we have the pleasure of portraying in the goodly company of Sir Henry Isaacs), the Lord Mayor provided London with a Ninth of November Show of exceptional attractiveness. We shall return to this pageant presently. First, it will be timely to indicate what manner of men they are who will be the chief representatives of the City of London for the ensuing year, and especially to point out how excellently qualified Sir Henry Isaacs is to fill his post with credit.

* * * * *

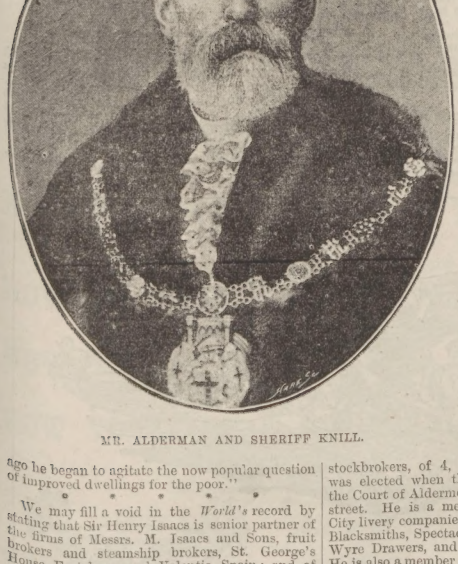
The Lord Mayor is hit off to the life by the *World's* chief interviewer, who, writing of him as a "Celebrity at Home" in Belsize Park, says: "The Alderman for Portsoken is as fond of art as he is of nature, and it is in an entrance-hall which boasts a fruit-piece by Franz Snyders, a 'Hagar and Ishmael' by Gaspar Poussin, and a 'Samson and Delilah' by Hyacinthe Rigaud, that you are warmly welcomed by a man whose expressive dark eyes, olive complexion, and finely cut features afford abundant evidence of his Spanish ancestry. . . . It is from a silver box used by the Heir-Apparent during his visit to the City thirteen years ago that the Alderman of Portsoken extracts a fragrant cigar, which you smoke while he tells you something of a career which has led, step by step, to the highest honour which the greatest municipality in the world can bestow on one of her citizens. His father, Michael Isaacs, was an inhabitant of the Ward of Aldgate fifty-nine years ago, when the future Lord Mayor was born, and his mother belonged to the Spanish family of Mendoza. He went into business very early, and before he was twenty married the daughter of a Scotch officer, Alexander Rowland, who, when serving in the 9th Regiment, had twice saved the life of his comrade, Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. Without neglecting his own affairs, Henry Isaacs soon became a prominent supporter of the various charitable institutions belonging to the Hebrew community, and, so far back as 1871, he received a costly testimonial from the Hambro Synagogue, where he had acted as warden. His work in connection with several important commercial enterprises did not prevent him from becoming a leader among Freemasons, an active Common Councilman, and a Master of the Loriners' Company. Five-and-twenty years ago he began to agitate the now popular question of improved dwellings for the poor."

* * * *

We may fill a void in the *World's* record by stating that Sir Henry Isaacs is senior partner of the firms of Messrs. M. Isaacs and Sons, fruit brokers and steamship brokers, St. George's House, Eastcheap, and Valentia, Spain; and of M. Isaacs, Sons, and Shaw, fruit brokers, Hull. It was in 1883 that he was chosen Alderman, and in 1886-7 that he served as Sheriff in conjunction with Sir Alfred Kirby, both Sheriffs being knighted in the Jubilee year by the Queen. In 1849 Sir Henry Isaacs married Eleanor Mary, daughter of the late Mr. James Rowland; and how happy and beautiful a home they have may be gathered from the *World's* seasonable memoir: "With all the ardour of an accomplished connoisseur he discusses the merits of his George Morland, his Cotman, and his Powell. He is delighted to find the beauty of his sketch by Peter Paul Rubens and his 'Saint's Head,' by Vandyke, duly appreciated; and he is still talking of the portrait of a lady by Hogarth, and the prospect of another find of Lowestoft china, when the sight of his carriage reminds him that he is already due at the Guildhall." We may add that Sir Henry Isaacs is fortunate to have secured the assistance at the Mansion House of Mr. W. J. Soulsby, the most experienced of Mayoral Private Secretaries.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY A. ISAACS, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

*Our Portraits of the new Lord Mayor and Sheriffs are from Photographs by Mr. A. Bassano, 25, Old Bond-street, W.*



MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF KNILL.

## THE NEW SHERIFFS.

Now for the Sheriffs. Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Knill is son of Mr. John Knill, who in 1796 came to London from Herefordshire, and was successful in business as a wharfinger, becoming one of the leading men of the Ward of Bridge. His son, Mr. Stuart Knill, who was partly educated at the University of Bonn, succeeded to the business. In 1885, on the death of Sir Charles Whetham, Mr. Knill was elected an Alderman of the City. A year or two since he filled the office of Master of the Plumbers' Company. Residing at Blackheath, he for several years served on the Greenwich Vestry and Board of Works. He is a member of several of the City guilds, and is regarded as a right good fellow.

Mr. Sheriff Harris (who has made a considerable fortune in a few years) is senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Garle, Harris, and Russell, stockbrokers, of 4, Tokenhouse-buildings. He was elected when the last vacancy occurred in the Court of Aldermen for the Ward of Coleman-street. He is a member of several of the old City livery companies—the Loriners, Innholders, Blacksmiths, Spectacle Makers, Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers, and Makers of Playing Cards. He is also a member of the City, Carlton, Raleigh, Century, and Lyric Clubs; an active Freemason, a supporter of charitable institutions, and a firm upholder of all matters tending to benefit the City of London. Mr. Harris was born in London in 1851. His father, who came to London from Cornwall about 1839, was a member of the firm of Messrs. Aldin and Harris, builders, who laid out and built many of the principal streets at Pimlico.

## THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

this year was a legitimate triumph for the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Committees. Whatever sour-minded critics may have said or printed to the contrary, last Saturday's civic pageant gave great pleasure to many thousands of people who thronged the houses and streets throughout the line of route to and from the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, save the space reserved for the manœuvring of the Show near the Law Courts. The flashing helmets of the French and English Firemen, the rainbow-hued silken banners, the glowing military uniforms, the brilliant hues of the Old English costumes designed by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, and the dazzling red and ultramarine of the Sheriffs' liveries combined to infuse, for one red-letter day at least, some welcome colour into our usually dismal thoroughfares. It being the seven hundredth anniversary of the institution of the office of Lord Mayor, it was an exceedingly "happy thought" on the part of Mr. Lewis Wingfield to favour us in the Show with counterfeit presentments of Henry Fitz-Alwyn, Dick Whittington, and their successors, in their habits as they lived; and to present us also with living representatives of jovial Father Christmas, the Queen of Beauty and May Queen, Queen Elizabeth, besides sportsmen of a hundred years ago and more; the costumes of one and all, faithfully executed by M. Alias, the well-known costumier of Soho-square, and by Messrs. Nathan, being of remarkable merit. A splendid Show!

**London Dockers Send £1000 to Australia.**—The strike committee held a meeting at the Wade's Arms, Jeremiah-street, Popular, on Saturday night, when the following resolution was adopted: "That this strike committee congratulates the miners of Brolgen Hill, Australia, on their attitude in objecting to work with blacklegs, and sends £1000 as an instalment of further help if necessary."

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.—LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

## LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

### XX.—PARENT AND CHILD (*Continued*).

THE more important Act, however, of last Session as to children was that known as "The Prevention of Cruelty to and Protection of Children Act 1889." This has been called "The Children's Charter." Of course, it does not materially affect the children whose parents will read this article; but it is important for every Englishman and Englishwoman to know the provisions of this Act, for in many cases it will enable them to assist in the prevention of cruelty, and to

#### Brighten Young Lives.

This Act provides that any person over sixteen who has the custody of a child (being a boy under fourteen or a girl under sixteen) who wilfully ill-treats, neglects, or exposes such child, is liable to be brought up before Justices of the Peace or a Police Magistrate and severely punished or sent for trial; and the punishment may be greater if the offender is interested in the death of the child, as has been the case on so many cases of infant life assurance. This Act also puts important restrictions on the employment of children by rendering it punishable to employ boys under fourteen, or girls under sixteen, to beg or offer things for sale in the streets, or, between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m., to send children out to sing, play, or perform for profit in any street or public-house, or to cause children under ten to be in any street, or public-house, or circus, or place of public entertainment or amusement as performers or sellers of goods. But the local authority may extend the time to an hour later than 10 p.m. If persons are convicted under this Act the Court may appoint a proper person to have control of the child and protect its interests, and require the parent to contribute to its maintenance. There is also power for the Justices or Magistrate to order a search for a child removed from the custody of its parents, and many other provisions to protect poor and friendless children.

#### Infants

(legal infants, that is to say) can only make settlements or convey land with the aid of the Court of Chancery. Infants cannot make wills. No infant should be appointed as a trustee or executor. The law as to contracts made by infants is a very complicated subject. The general rule, however, is as follows: If it can be shown in any law court where a contract with an infant is in question that the contract was for his benefit, it is a valid contract, and may be enforced by or against the infant. If it is a contract which is clearly against his interests, it is void, and cannot be enforced; in all other cases the infant may elect to treat the contract as void or valid as he may prefer. Hence

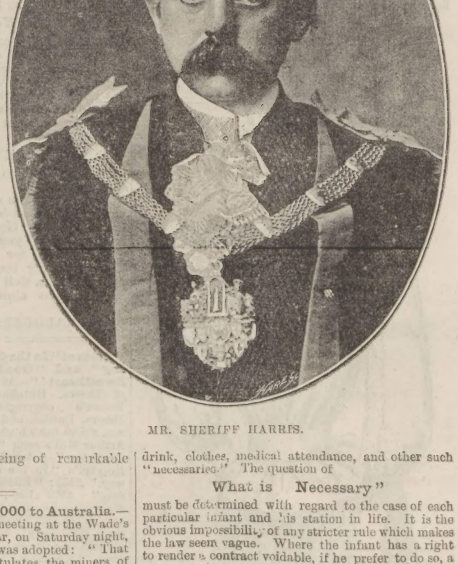
#### An Infant may Apprentice Himself,

and that contract is binding, because it is for his benefit. But a contract by an infant to pay a penalty, or to serve for a fixed time, and yet enable a master to stop the work at his pleasure and also to stop wages, has been held to be absolutely void, because such contracts are not for the benefit of infants. An infant may, however, bind himself to pay for meat, drink, clothes, medical attendance, and other such "necessaries." The question of

#### What is "Necessary"

must be determined with regard to the case of each particular infant and his station in life. It is the obvious impossibility of any stricter rule which makes the law seem vague. Where the infant has a right to render a contract voidable, if he prefer to do so, a mere acquiescence after he becomes of age may render him liable to perform it. But by the "Infants' Relief Act 1874" contracts by infants for repayment of money lent and for goods (excepting necessaries) are void, even if confirmed at full age. Of course an infant is liable for a legal wrong committed by him, such as slander or assault, but this is not a matter of contract.

The father of an infant (apart from the Poor-Law,



MR. SHERIFF HARRIS.

which we have already explained) is only liable for goods supplied to the infant where he gives actual authority, or circumstances appear from which such authority can be implied. The mere moral obligation arising from the relation of parent and child does not in itself afford any legal inference of a promise by the parent to pay a debt even for necessaries supplied to the child. But a jury will often fix a parent with legal liability if the goods were sent to his home with his knowledge and tacit consent.

### ANSWERS.

A. C.—You should keep the child. Apply to the Police Magistrate, or Justices, of your district for an order for a maintenance allowance on the ground of desertion.

Anxious.—You cannot get rid of a trust in the way you mention. If there be a deed or instrument creating a trust, a new trustee must be properly appointed in your place. Consult a solicitor.

Flagstaff.—This case depends upon the terms of the correspondence. It seems a very small matter, and the parties had better settle it without litigation. The staff cannot be retained by B., unless, by the terms of the agreement, whatever they were, it became his property, or he had a right to retain it for a specific term.

I. L. C.—In order to secure the copyright of your book, it must be registered at Stationers' Hall, in the City of London, by you. Write the Stationers' Company there (Paternoster-row, E.C.), and ask for particulars as to their copyright regulations.

Pampas.—There is nothing illegal in a bonâ-fide hiring agreement such as you mention. There is no better way of enforcing the claim of the father-in-law to the goods than by an interpleader, if the goods be seized by Sheriff of the county or High Bailiff of the County Court.

Old Subscriber.—(1) An alderman who (except in case of illness) is continuously absent from the borough for more than six months is disqualified. (2) A person who becomes so disqualified is liable to a fine of £25, or such other fine not exceeding £50 as the bye-laws determine. (3 and 4) Consult the Town Clerk and any local Acts. You ought not to expect answers here to difficult questions of public law. Although Nos. 1 and 2 are answered according to the Municipal Corporations Act 1882, it is possible that some local Act affects those points also. LEX.

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I do not know whether I have any genuine working-women among my readers. Women who work, no doubt I have in great numbers, for not many of us can afford to be idle, except, perhaps, those who are

### "Born in the Purple,"

as the saying is. By the genuine working-woman I mean the woman who works at a trade and is liable to suffer, or profit, by fluctuations in the market, and the law of supply and demand. It is for these workers that the "Women's Trades Union and Provident League" has been instituted. It is just fifteen years since Mrs. Paterson, herself

### A Working Woman,

conceived the idea of organising female labour, and her hard and unceasing labour on behalf of her suffering sisters literally cost her her life; but the scheme she started and nourished so ably has gone on and prospered, and the result is that in some branches of industry women already receive better wages. But we have only to read the series of harrowing articles, called

### "Justice for Workwomen,"

now publishing daily in one of our most influential newspapers, in order to see that much still remains to be done. And not only are the women bound down, and forced by the irresistible pressure of competition to work for starvation wages, but they are forced also by the grasping greed of landlords to live in rooms which are not fit for the habitation of animals, much less of human beings; and for these miserable holes they are obliged to pay

### The Enormous Rent

of three, four, and even five shillings a week out of the ten or twelve they earn by working hard for fifteen and sixteen hours a day. And how are they fed, these poor "toilers of Babylon"? They have bread, with, perhaps, a little butter on it, and tea, and sometimes, as a great treat once a week, they have a "kipper" for dinner. Last week I read a

### Shocking Story.

The husband of one of these poor women was lying in his coffin in the damp and unwholesome room called by courtesy the home of the family, when the landlord or his agent came in to demand the weekly rent. The widow pleaded for time in vain, and she was driven at last to take some of her scanty possessions and

### Pawn Them,

in order to satisfy the cruel demand. Any man with a heart would not only under the circumstances have forgiven the debt, but have given the poor creature a shilling or two for her pressing needs. It would not surprise me to hear that the man, whoever he is, who did that cruel deed went to church regularly twice every Sunday. Perhaps, if any of us chanced to be near him during the service, we might even hear him singing at the

### Top of His Voice,

Were the whole realm of Nature mine,
'Twould be an offering much too small.

But I must not let my indignation run away with me, or you will think your friend Marguerite is turning into a "cross patch," and that will never do; so suppose we turn our attention once more to the fascinating subject of

### Clothes.

I am glad to be able to reproduce, for the benefit of my young lady readers who like to look smart, and yet not overdressed, a very pretty jersey bodice from a fashion page in the *Lady's Pictorial* of this week. This very elegant little article would look pretty either at the theatre or at a "small and early" dance. It is made of soft silk, in one of the new and becoming shades of green. The yoke is of black lace, and the silk below it is fully pleated back and front, and confined round the waist with a belt. The high collar and cuffs are also covered with lace, and the silk sleeves are drawn up in full puffs on the shoulders. This jersey can be bought from Messrs. Seaman and Little, High-street, Kensington. At the same establishment it is possible to get a really pretty and inexpensive ball-dress suitable for a young girl. The skirt is made of white tulle, very simply and gracefully draped. The panels on either side are tied together at intervals, from top to bottom, with bows of

### White Satin Ribbon.

The bodice is made of white silk with a trimming of tulle. At one side bows to match those on the skirt are placed from the shoulder to the centre of the bust; the other side is left untrimmed for a spray of flowers. A few weeks ago I gave you a little lecture on

### The Care of Your Hands.

It is sometimes sad to see how very much our nails get out of order. They are allowed to grow anyhow; and nothing is more disfiguring than nails over which the flesh has been allowed to spread. I wonder if you are aware that (if you are rich or extravagant enough) you can have your own nails, and those of your children, put into proper order by a professional manicure?

I have recommended a variety of things to you from time to time in this column, but I have never mentioned books. To-day, however, I must mention two delightful volumes which came under my notice last week. In them you will find the

### Interesting Diary

kept by Lady Dufferin during the four years she spent in India when her husband was Viceroy. She had a great deal of hard work to do, but, in the midst of it all, she found time to establish a fund for supplying female medical aid to

### The Women of India.

If in the whole course of her life this noble and gracious lady had done but this one good work, she might well feel proud, but as we read her account of "Our Vicregal Life in India" we see how wide are her sympathies in everything connected with the welfare of the Indian subjects of our Queen. That her efforts were appreciated, and that she was

### Loved and Honoured

by those for whom she worked, is shown in the following quaint quotation she gives from a letter written in English by a native: "May God Almighty bless you, and give you tit for tat!" This charming book will make many a dull winter evening pass almost too quickly.

MARGUERITE.

**Price of "In the Gloaming" and "Good-bye, Sweetheart!"**—At the sale of Messrs. Hutchings and Romer's copyrights, by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, prices ruled high. Lady Arthur Hill's song "In the Gloaming" fetched £286; Roeckel's "In the old, old way," £253; "Eileen Alannah," £199 10s.; while Hatton's celebrated "Good-bye, sweetheart" was bought for £93 only; and the veteran composer Crouch's song "Kathleen Mavourneen" brought £109.

An international exhibition of postage-stamps will be held in Vienna next year, the fiftieth anniversary of their introduction.

A SEASONABLE JERSEY BODICE.

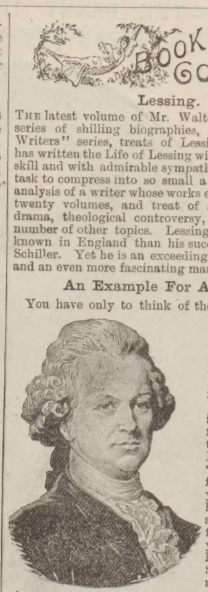
## BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

### Lessing.

The latest volume of Mr. Walter Scott's excellent series of shilling biographies, called the "Great Writers" series, treats of Lessing. Mr. Rolleston has written the Life of Lessing with very considerable skill and with admirable sympathy. It was no easy task to compress into so small a space an adequate analysis of a writer whose works extend to more than twenty volumes, and treat of art, literature, the drama, theological controversy, and an immense number of other topics. Lessing is very much less known in England than his successors, Goethe and Schiller. Yet he is an exceedingly attractive writer, and an even more fascinating man.

### An Example For All Time.

You have only to think of the figure 9 and you can always remember the years in which Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller were born: Lessing was born in 1729, Goethe in 1749, and Schiller in 1759. Lessing's father was a Lutheran pastor at Kamenz, in Saxony, "passing rich on forty pounds a year." The son had to undergo strictest discipline from his earliest years, but particularly at the St. Afra School, where he received a free education. How they did work at those German schools!—how, indeed, they do work still! Young Lessing rose at half past four in summer and half past five in winter, washed himself in the trough in the courtyard, dressed, cleaned his boots, made his bed, and repaired to the dining-room for a hymn and a Latin prayer. Not till half past nine at night was the day's discipline at an end. Five years of this and then a course at the University of Leipzig, such as even the poorest German can sometimes secure—but those of my readers who do not know Lessing's career can follow it in Mr. Rolleston's volume, or more at length in the two fine volumes of Mr. James Sime. At forty he married Eva König, whom he had loved sincerely for many years, but whom he had been too poor earlier to make his wife. One year of perfect married bliss, and his Eva died at the birth of a son. The history of literature furnishes many a tragic story, but not one more tragic than this, and certainly nothing approaching to the bravery and manliness with which Lessing alike in early years and in late manhood met the hard, stern facts of life. In this he was an example for all time, more even than in what he has written.



LESSING.

### Lessing's Critical Writings.

Lessing's writings have an interest for us above and beyond their intrinsic value, because they were the precursors of the writings of the greater Goethe, but Lessing's own achievement is great indeed. His "Laocoön" is one of the most remarkable pieces of art criticism ever written its analytic power is so great as to cause Lord Macaulay to say that it filled him "with wonder and despair." Then his Hamburg criticism on the drama marks an epoch in dramatic criticism, and his literary studies were, perhaps, the precursors of all that Goethe, St. Beuve, and Matthew Arnold have done in later times. Besides these, one must mention his contributions to religious controversy, always tending towards intelligent liberality of thought, and then there is his "Education of the Human Race," which the Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton translated into such admirable English.

### Lessing's Creative Writings.

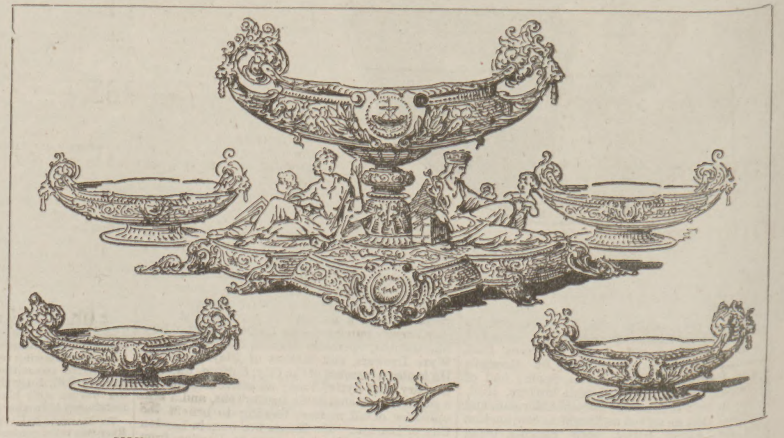
But higher work than the critical is the creative, and here Lessing also did much. In "Minna von Barnhelm" he furnished the first great German comedy—"the Rosebach of German literature," as his present biographer picturesquely calls it; for, as at Rossbach Frederick put the French to flight, so with "Minna" Germany was to commence an independent dramatic literature, free from artificial French influences. Then with "Emilia Galotti" we have the first great German tragedy, and in "Nathan the Wise," not a great drama at all, but a fine poem full of noble sentiment and broad religious toleration. Do my readers all know the story of the "Three Rings" as Lessing has told it? If not, I must leave them to read it for themselves in Lessing's interesting play, for I have no space for it here.

TATLER.

## MR. BARRATT AND THE PRESS.

As one of the foremost members of the London Press, and as a journalist who is deservedly respected, Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., was the right man in the right place when he took the chair at the Press banquet given to Mr. T. J. Barratt at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole on Nov. 6. This notable feast served a double purpose. It served at once to honour the most artistic advertiser of modern times—for Mr. Barratt assuredly merits that title—and to celebrate the centenary of the existence of the famous firm of soap manufacturers, Messrs. A. and F. Pears. To such a marvellous extent has Mr. Barratt, partner in this enterprising firm, developed advertising (and always in a pleasing, artistic way, be it remembered), that he expends upwards of £100,000 a year in this direction. By means of this great expenditure Mr. Barratt reckons he attracts the attention of no less than a Hundred Million of English-speaking peoples to the virtues of Pears's Soap, and spreads a love of Art into the bargain. We may remark, in passing, that Messrs. Pears's headquarters in New Oxford-street worthily rank among the most beautifully decorated buildings in London. Not only is this commercial palace a triumph of modern Art, Sculpture, the Electric Light, and chaste embellishments combining to charm the eye, but Mr. Barratt, a fine stalwart specimen of an Englishman with his full beard, has most considerately looked after the comfort of all engaged at Messrs. Pears's sumptuous establishment. Richly did Mr. Barratt merit the handsome gift of a service of plate worth a thousand guineas; and right benevolently did this gentleman act when, in thanking the donors for their gift, he said he accepted the present with pride and pleasure, but would beg to be allowed to hand the price of the elegant service, a thousand guineas, to the Newspaper Press Fund. The beautiful service of plate, modelled in the highest style of the silversmith's art, was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent-street, London, W.

MR. T. J. BARRATT,
MANAGING PARTNER, MESSRS. A. AND F. PEARS.



SILVER DESSERT SERVICE PRESENTED BY THE PRESS TO MR. T. J. BARRATT.

## DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS.

*Reprinted from "THE FAMILY DOCTOR."*

"It is extraordinary how many people—and especially men—suffer now-a-days both in mind and body from a multitude of ailments resulting simply from weak nerves, consequent upon overwork, worry, and other debilitating causes. Doctors have tried for years past, and are still trying, to find some drug which will cure the distressing symptoms of nervous exhaustion; but the best they have been able to do in this direction up to the present is to afford slight temporary relief in some simple forms of the disease. The consulting Physician and Electrician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital has, we are glad to say, made a move in the right direction. After finding that physic is practically useless for the relief of nervous sufferers, he writes:—

"'*There is no doubt Electricity is one of the most powerful nerve tonics we possess. No agent so quickly restores the depressed condition of the system resulting from illness. In all states of nervous depression, as from long mental strain or overtaxed bodily powers, general galvanism has proved a refreshing and most invigorating tonic.*'

"The next point, therefore, to be considered is as to the best method of applying these galvanic currents to the system pleasantly, without any discomfort, and for this purpose we cannot do better than strongly recommend all nervous sufferers to wear one of Harness' Electropathic Belts."

They have stood the test of nearly twenty-five years, have restored thousands of sufferers to health and vigour, are guaranteed to be perfectly genuine, and are constructed on sound scientific principles. The Medical Battery Company, Limited, are the Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of this now world-famed curative appliance, and, should any of our readers still have the least doubt as to its bona-fide character, they are invited to call at the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (at the corner of Rathbone-place), where they can see the Electropathic Belts scientifically tested, and can personally examine the thousands of unsolicited testimonials and Press reports that have been received from all parts of the world. Sufferers from Nervous or Rheumatic Affections, Liver or Kidney Diseases, &c., who are unable to call, and who desire further particulars regarding the curative powers of Harness' Electropathic Belt, should send at once for Descriptive Pamphlet and Book of Testimonials, which will be forwarded to any address free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, President of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, W. The Consulting Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electrician, Electro-Masseurs, and other officers are in daily attendance, and may be consulted free of charge, either personally or by letter. We may add that all communications are regarded as strictly private and confidential.

## A BARRISTER'S OPINION

*On an Important Matter of Public Interest.*

F. ARTHUR SIBLY, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, M.A., LL.M. (Cantab), writing from Haywardsfield, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, says:—

"Dear Sir,—I have only been waiting until my complete recovery to give a testimony to the wonderful effect of your Electropathic Belt treatment. When I first consulted you, three years ago, I had almost resigned hope of being anything but a complete invalid all my life. At that time my vital energy was so low that I was quite incapacitated for work of any kind. From the time I put myself into your hands my improvement was rapid. I have now regained all the vigour both of body and of mind, and am completely restored to health.—Yours faithfully,

"F. ARTHUR SIBLY, M.A., LL.M.

"To C. B. Harness, Esq., The Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W."

EVERY MAN and WOMAN in SEARCH of HEALTH and STRENGTH, and Sufferers from any Disorder of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver, or Kidneys, should procure at once one of

# HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

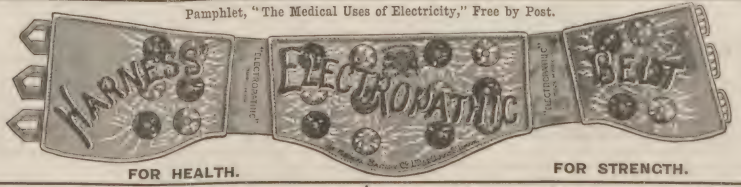
They weigh only a few ounces, are very Comfortable to wear, and Impart Strength and Vitality to every nerve and muscle of the body.

**Dr. ANDREW WILSON,** in an article published in **"HEALTH,"** writes: "THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY'S Belt has been frequently recommended as a genuine electrical appliance which the public may purchase with safety and satisfaction. In these days of electrical quackery it is highly satisfactory to find such an enterprise for the development of electrical manufacture on a large scale so successfully carried out at their commodious premises **(52, Oxford-street, London, W.)**"

THE **WEAK AND LANGUID FEELINGS** AND **EXCESSIVE FATIGUE** which make life a burden to so many men and women of all ages, yield like magic to the invigorating, exhilarating properties of mild galvanic currents generated without any shock or discomfort whatever by simply wearing HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

**"THE FAMILY DOCTOR," Sept. 8, 1888.**—"The valuable and ingenious inventions of Mr. Harness, and the elaborate and beautifully fitted operating and consulting rooms at the Company's extensive 'Electropathic' and Zander Institute at the corner of Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, are indeed a wonderful example of the rapid strides made during the last few years in the science of medical electricity, and this magnificent building is now one of the most interesting sights in London. We would advise visitors from the country and others to call and personally inspect the premises, and have the various electropathic appliances and electric batteries explained to them."

Pamphlet, "The Medical Uses of Electricity," Free by Post.




FOR HEALTH. FOR STRENGTH.

**They Cure Nervous Weakness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Debility, &c.** | **They Cure Rheumatic Affections, Liver & Kidney Disorders, Internal Weakness, Hysteria, &c.**

The following are brief extracts from the **Thousands of Testimonials** received from all classes of society. Our readers are cordially invited to call and see the Originals at the Company's only address—**The Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W.**

**DEBILITY.**—WILLIAM SHIMMIN, Esq., 4, Goth-street, Liverpool, writes: "Dec. 3, 1888.—Since wearing your Electropathic appliance my health has greatly improved. I am much better and stronger than I have felt for years."

**NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND PALPITATION.**—HENRY GARDNER, Esq., Colon Hill, Shrewsbury, writes: "March 9, 1888.—The Electropathic Belt which I had on Feb. 19 has done me an immense deal of good. I enjoy better health now than I have done for the last twelve years."

**ANOTHER CLERGYMAN COMPLETELY CURED.**—The Rev. WM. JOHN EDGE, writing from Upper Tooting, S.W., says: "May 25, 1889.—Gentlemen,—Having for some three years or more suffered from Sciatica, which at length became almost intolerable, I was advised to purchase one of Mr. Harness' Electropathic Belts on Aug. 16 last, which from that day forward I have persistently worn without intermission except at night. The Sciatica has left me, and not only has never returned, but I may say with truth that, as far as my feelings are concerned, I am not conscious of the existence of a Sciatic Nerve. This deliverance from almost perpetual pain, which at times amounted to torture, I cannot but ascribe to your Electropathic Belt, and I feel bound thus to give public expression to my gratitude.—I am, Gentlemen, very faithfully yours, (Rev.) WILLIAM JOHN EDGE, late Vicar of Holy Trinity, Upper Tooting, S.W.

"To the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, London, W."

**Mr. C. B. HARNESS,** the President of the Company, attends daily, together with their Physician, Surgeon, Medical Electricians, and other Officers. Consultation Free of Charge, personally or by letter, on all matters relating to Health and the Application of Curative Electricity.

*Residents at a distance, and those unable to call, should write at once for a Belt or a Pamphlet before they forget it.*

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

## THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LTD., 52, OXFORD-ST., LONDON, W. (Corner of Rathbone-place.)

**The Largest Medico-Electric Institute in the World.**

# ONE TRIAL OF "SUNLIGHT" SOAP WILL PROVE ALL WE CLAIM.

**HOW TO KNOW A CLEVER HOUSEWIFE—**
A clever housewife will try new improvements, and therefore give "SUNLIGHT" SOAP a trial.

**HOW TO KNOW AN ECONOMICAL HOUSEWIFE—**
An economical housekeeper knows that "time is money," and that "SUNLIGHT" SOAP, by enabling the laundry and household work to be done with little labour, saves its cost ten times over.

**HOW TO KNOW A REFINED HOUSEWIFE—**
A refined housewife will be glad to adopt the New, Easy, Clean Way of Washing Clothes with "SUNLIGHT" SOAP, instead of the old hard, sloppy way.

**HOW TO KNOW AN INTELLIGENT HOUSEWIFE—**
An intelligent housewife will have no difficulty in understanding the very easy directions for using "SUNLIGHT" SOAP.

**HOW TO KNOW AN HONOURABLE HOUSEWIFE—**
An honourable housewife would scorn to do so mean a thing as not to give "SUNLIGHT" SOAP a fair trial.

**HOW TO KNOW A SENSIBLE HOUSEWIFE—**
A sensible housewife will be glad when a new and improved article such as "SUNLIGHT" SOAP is brought to her notice, and will feel thankful that her attention has been directed so strongly to it.

**ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES! FOR LAUNDRY! FOR TOILET! FOR HOUSEHOLD!**

**YOU** may use it in Hard Water, may use it in Spring Water, may use it in Cold Water

**YOU** may use it in Boiling Clothes, may use it by the Directions, may use it as taught by Experience

**YOU** may use it in Soft Water, may use it in Rain Water, may use it in Hot Water

**YOU** may use it without Boiling Clothes, may use it without the Directions, may use it as taught by Friends

You may use it for Odd Uses, Quaint Uses, Special Uses, All Uses. You may Use it for the Laundry, the Bath-room, the Toilet.

You may use it for Washing Clothes, Washing Blankets, Washing Flannels, Washing Linens, Washing Paint, Washing Floors, Washing Dishes, Washing Glasses, Washing Tables, Cleaning Feathers, Cleaning Carpets, Cleaning Curtains, Cleaning Silks, Cleaning Dresses, Cleaning Plants in Greenhouse and Garden, Cleaning Horses, Cleaning Dogs, Cleaning Cattle, Cleaning Poultry. In short, and in fact, you may use "SUNLIGHT" SOAP for every use Soap can be put to, and the result will be the greatest ease, comfort, cleanliness, sweetness, health and happiness.

MILITARY CYCLING: READY TO RESIST CAVALRY.—SEE "CYCLE AND CAMERA."
*From a Photograph by Messrs. Gillman and Co., of Oxford.*

## LONDON RAMBLES.—No. VI.

### "Shall I not Take Mine Ease in Mine Inn?"

That is the question one naturally asks oneself on turning away from the Savoy and strolling on down the Strand and Fleet-street. With their aërated bread-shops and public-houses and Gatti restaurants, and the warm smell of many dinners coming up from subterranean kitchens; above all, with their memories of old taverns and great men who came to them for dinner or supper or jolly carousal with many another good fellow, there are no streets so strongly associated with eating and drinking and good cheer.

But we take our case so differently now. We don't sit long and late in an aërated bread-shop;

SIR PAUL PINDAR, BISHOPSGATE-STREET.

we count it an ill wind that blows a man to the wine. A tavern is no longer "the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows," as it was when

### Shakspere and Ben Jonson Met at the Mermaid,

when sweet Jack Falstaff made merry at the Boar's Head. And so, I suppose, because their day is done, many of the famous old taverns—literary landmarks—have disappeared. Gone is the Devil, where Ben Jonson drank bad wine, and Dr. Johnson emptied his bottle of port like a man; and Swift once dined with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, and Garth treated. Gone, too, is the Cat and Fiddle, where Steele and Addison and Congreve, and all the other members of the Kit-Kat Club, held their meetings; and gone the Salutation and Cat, where

### Lamb and Southey and Coleridge

sat together in the little smoky room, through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with possy. All gone, with countless others famous for convivial doings, and regions of wit and wassail.

A few are left—a few of the old names survive. From Fleet-street, for example, you turn into Wine Office-court, where you will still find

### The Olde Cheshire Cheese,

where, legend has it, the grease-spot left by Dr. Johnson's head is still shown on the wall; just as certain antiquaries affirm you can see the mark of Cæsar's in the ancient Falcone in Rome. At any rate, in the Cheshire Cheese you still sit in the old-fashioned boxes, and the waiters cry out your orders as the cooks of old cried "Hot ribbes of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals!" and "the kettle sings on the fire," and a general feeling of other days and other ways prevails. In Fleet-street, too, is

### The Cock,

the building unfortunately so very many years younger than its name. There were few taverns as classical as the old Cock, whither everyone in his time has been, from Pepys—who in it, one memorable April day, drank, and ate a lobster, and sang and was mighty merry—to Tennyson, who there addressed his monologue to its immortal head-waiter. Alas! the stately building of the Bank of England (the Fleet-street branch) now stands on the site of the old Cock and of another well-known inn. The new Cock is carried on by the proprietor of the old chop-house on the opposite side of Fleet-street.

For the most picturesque tavern of venerable age, if not in its memories of goodly revels at least in its outward form, you must go farther into the City, to Bishopsgate, just a little beyond Liverpool-street. Here, in excellent preservation, still stands the

### Old Paul Pindar,

and there is not a finer sixteenth-century house left in London. It is topped with a gable, and has two quaintly shaped overhanging bow windows, richly adorned with carvings, with delightful little figures on either side. And where the lower window juts out and serves as canopy for the storey below, if, as you pass, you look up, you will see the most elaborately carved grapes and foliage. Somehow, I have never been inside; but I think I have heard that it has one or two fine ceilings and some good panelling.

Another picturesque inn, though much the junior of the Paul Pindar, is

### The Old Bell

in Holborn. It is one of the old-fashioned inns, with a court and galleries running round it, which at once suggest Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick. Many are still to be found in country towns; but the Old Bell comes as a surprise in Holborn. There is a good deal of Old London surviving hereabouts—Gray's Inn and Staple Inn are not far away. But near, too, are the Inns of Court Hotel and the Avenue, two very modern hostelries, which help to mark, by strong contrast, the picturesqueness of the Old Bell, and to make you feel, when you enter its court by the Holborn gate-way, that you have stepped back several generations, when Englishmen's faith was firm in the virtues of the good old-fashioned English dinner from the joint, and French cooking and all such flippancy was held in due abomination. It belongs to the days when English travellers on the Continent, if you can judge by the record of their travels, counted as red-letter days those when they came across a landlord who had been to England, and who therefore had some idea of how to serve a dinner a Christian might eat! French restaurants would not have made fortunes in London in those times.

Picturesque too, but in a different way, is

### The Grapes, at Limehouse,

by the riverside. It is a year or more now since I last saw it; but what an old rookery it was then, and what a wonderful outlook it had over the grey river, with its mass of steamers and boats and barges—a perfect paradise for an artist!

RAMBLER.

THE GRAPES, LIMEHOUSE.

## CYCLE & CAMERA

THE *Saturday Review* has been writing about

### Military Cycling.

Its objection to the formation of squares with cycles, about which I had something to say last week, is that the lamps will be turned upside down with the machines, and the poor cyclists, like the foolish virgins, left with all their oil spilt. But the *Saturday* can comfort itself with the probability that the military law will not be quite as strict as the civil as far as the carrying of lamps is concerned, and that there need not be any oil to spill.

The same paper goes on to suggest that the enemy's force may as likely as not include a cyclists' corps, against which cyclist soldiers must defend themselves as well as against cavalry, and in this case will the same zareba or square serve? I do not know what movements have been proposed to meet this emergency.

The photo last week represented the cyclists inside the square, the rear rank in the act of shooting. But the first stages of their defence, perhaps, show even better their actual position; so I publish this week a photograph illustrating their tactics when they are not yet sure from which side will come the enemy's attack. Here you can see the entire barricade of cycles very plainly.

A few years ago one would have asked what possible connection there could be between

### Cycling and the Army?

Now this has been practically explained. It may be that some day we shall understand why Mr. Mattieu Williams calls vestiges of the Glacial period a study for cyclists. His lecture at the Society of Cyclists last week was on this subject; but I am not sure that I yet see why the two should be associated.

Cyclists and sandwichmen again may seem as far apart as the poles. But they have been brought together by Mr. Percy Lowe, of *Wheeling*, who is again asking for subscriptions to the

### Sandwichmen's Feed,

which he has managed for the last three years with very great success. The tea or smoking concert, or rather combination of the two, last year was a really very enjoyable evening, and several very prominent actors sang and recited for the benefit of the sandwichmen, who have, after all, done a good deal for them. From eighty-six tickets distributed for the first feed, the number for the third went up to 320. The origin of the entertainment is in a measure due to Dr. Furnivall, a cyclist himself, and rather actively interested in cycling matters when his son, Percy Furnivall, was one of the leading men on the path. In a letter to a cycling paper he commented upon the fact that while cyclists were always getting up smoking concerts for themselves, they never organised any for those to whom such entertainments would be a real treat. The hint given, Mr. Lowe at once acted upon it, as I have said, with the most successful and satisfactory results.

One would think—to give another example—that cyclists and explorers were quite as far apart from each other. But only lately has come the news that

### Tom Stevens,

who, it will be remembered, was sent by an American paper after Stanley, has been heard from. His success in going round the world on a bicycle, his pluck and perseverance in carrying through such an enormous undertaking, made

THE OLD BELL, HOLBORN.

him seem a good man to command an exploring expedition into the heart of Africa.

For months after he started nothing was heard from him; and indeed news came direct from Stanley months before anything was known of Stevens's whereabouts. Finally, last month, he telegraphed from Zanzibar: he had returned to the coast entirely unsuccessful in the search for Stanley. Whether, however, he made any great discoveries or met with any marvellous adventures remains to be seen or heard.

I met a man the other day who had come across him when he was passing through Hong-Kong, and was so surprised to find him at the British Consul's, seeing about his papers. But, though Stevens was for awhile a cowboy in the west of the United States, and though he was sent round the world to advertise an American cycle manufacturer—the story of his ride coming out in an American magazine—he has always remained a British subject.

### I See the Elwell Tour

last summer was such a success that Mr. Elwell proposes bringing another party over next June, and is already beginning to make the necessary arrangements. Will London cyclists give him the "cold shoulder" *Wheeling* promised him, instead of the dinners and luncheons of last summer?

### Coming Exhibitions.

In addition to the annual Stanley Show of cycles in London, there is to be another exhibition of the same kind at the Tynemouth Aquarium in May. Whether between that time and January, when the Stanley Show comes off, there will have been time for new inventions and startling novelties to appear, is doubtful. But, even if the exhibition is merely a repetition of the Stanley, it will be a good thing, as many cyclists from the north of England and from Scotland could attend who could not come all the way to London.

N. C. U.

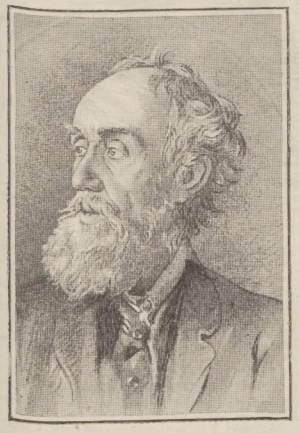
THE SINEWS OF WEALTH are found in Health: and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in Cadbury's Cocoa.—[ADVT.]

## CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

## SWANSEA AND THE MUMBLES.

[No. II.]

Our traveller was rather inconsiderately left standing on the hill-top above the town, last week, taking a sentimental bird's-eye view of



MR. DEFFETT FRANCIS, A SWANSEA PHILANTHROPIST.

the situation. It is high time now that he descended again into the midst of everyday Swansea, and made the pilgrimage of its streets, possibly, too, extending his researches to Landore, with the intention of learning something of the mysteries of copper-smelting, spelter-making, and other such processes, which are to be held accountable for the remarkable copper-coloured fogs that occasionally visit Swansea, and even the Mumbles, in the fog season.

**Landore,**

it should be observed, forms part of the borough of Swansea; and, if one were writing a matter-of-fact guide-book, one would have to enlarge upon its various interests. However, in this sentimental record, let us be content to recommend that Landore be offered the prize-medal for its antiseptic smoke, which is said to be a perfect germ-slayer, seeing that infectious diseases are hardly ever heard of in the town. For my part, let me be free to confess that I prefer to live in the sun, which is the great germ-breeder (as we know from science and Shakspere), and, on the strength of this preference, to turn westward to the Mumbles instead of eastward to Landore, when it becomes necessary to add to one's pleasanter impressions of Swansea itself.

But, before we go to the Mumbles, there are certain experiences in Swansea town which must not be foregone. Through

**The Cwmdonkin Park**

we descend again by the suburban terraces above Walter-road, where, in addition to the commercial magnates, live most of those artists, rhymesters, and other frivolous folk who make it pleasant for the sentimental traveller when he strays from Bohemia-by-the-Thames to the West country and the merry Marches of Wales. Nor must we forget in descending Walter-road to notice, about halfway down, on the right-hand side, the large bow window within which the Arts Club holds its symposia—very much after the fashion of the London Savage Club in its earlier days. The Arts Club deserves a special word, because it is the first attempt in Swansea to form a little centre of Bohemian light and leading, which shall help to defeat the Philistines and their Goliath of heavy respectability. Besides its hospitable symposia aforesaid, to which of course only accredited Bohemians are admitted, the club has its more public functions, and this winter is organising a first course of lectures on artistic and other topics. Passing on, and leaving Walter-road behind, the way is not long to

**The New Free Public Library**

and Art Galleries, whose large buildings, somewhat in the so-called Kensington style, stand near the Great Western Railway's terminus, in a motley half-finished region, where one day, no doubt, the new Swansea that is to be will have its finest streets. What differentiates these Public Libraries and Art Galleries of Swansea from those of other towns is the wonderful collection of rare books and still rarer prints and engravings, which the town owes to

**Mr. Deffett Francis,**

in whose name many will recognise one of great associations, formerly, in the art and literary world of London. The friend of the Landseers, of Dickens and Thackeray; of Rossetti, again, and his set; and of other illuminati, too numerous to name, of a generation ago: himself one of the most original and finished portrait-painters of the time, Mr. Deffett Francis has devoted all the dearly bought treasures of art and letters that his remarkable London career brought him to the services of his native town—treasures which the town will probably not fully appreciate until the treasurer himself has long passed away. At present, many of Mr. Francis's finest prints are hidden away from the visitor's eye because of the scant space in the galleries at his disposal. When the "Deffett Francis Collection," as it is called, is given proper scope, it will be an art-education in itself for the intelligent, and ought to be the means of establishing a new school of artists and engravers in South Wales. The same rare value attaches to the "D. F. Library"—where first editions, so rare and fine as to make a bibliophile's mouth water, are stored in great profusion.

Leaving the Public Library buildings, and going on to the Great Western Railway station, and then turning back down High-street, which is the main business street of the town, we see Swansea, especially if it be Saturday, at its busiest. High-street at its foot becomes suddenly contracted, and the line of march is then continued through Castle-street, which takes its name from the castle.

**Swansea Castle,**

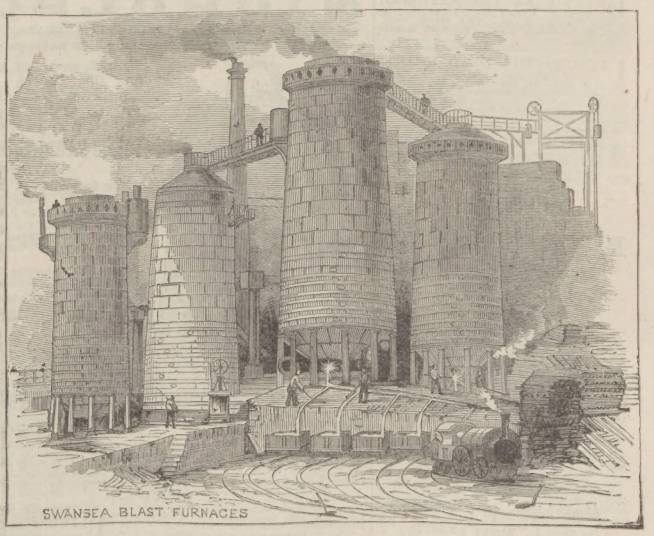
of old renown, is now so hidden behind the new Post Office and other adjacent buildings that nine tenths of the visitors to Swansea never see it at all. This is rather to be lamented, because Swansea is not at all rich in old buildings: the castle and St. Mary's parish church, which also stands in the immediate proximity, almost exhaust the list. Though the castle now plays so viewless and silent a part in the daily life of the place, it has had in the past, like most of the famous castles of South Wales, a stirring history. It is said to date from 1099, when it was built by the Norman Earl of Warwick of those days, Henry Beaumont De Newburgh, who also built the original Oystermouth Castle down at the Mumbles. But Swansea Castle had many ups and downs, in the most literal sense, before it assumed its latest guise. Gruffydd ap Rhys destroyed it in 1113; and his son, Maelgwyn, tried to perform the same feat with the new castle that had been erected, but failed after a ten-weeks siege. And many other fierce onslaughts upon it are to be laid to the charge of the sanguinary Rhys tribe of the thirteenth century, whose doings would make an epic of more than epic dimensions if they were narrated in full. We must be content to skip on to the year 1330, when Henry De Gower appeared to restore its failing fortunes, and in other ways to establish that claim upon historical Swansea which is perpetuated in the name of the neighbouring picturesque peninsula of Gower.

To the gateway, so to speak, of this pleasant land of Gower, to

**The Mumbles, the Merry Mumbles,**

let us now hasten, lest there be an end to our space before they are here put on record. To get to the Mumbles, you can again skirt the amphibious region of the harbour, on your way to the Mumbles Railway, which is a sort of cross between a steam tramway and an American railroad. And here, if you have a little time to wait, and especially if it be a wet day, you may well go and inspect the neighbouring Royal Institution, with its library and reading-rooms;

SWANSEA'S LIGHTHOUSE.

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for Swansea rain, like Swansea fog, is somewhat emphatic, and the Mumbles Railway does not afford very magnificent accommodation at its terminus. In summer weather, however, the journey to the Mumbles is a pleasant one enough. Seated on top of the cars, one has a superb view of Swansea Bay and the pleasant reach of wooded country where Sir Hussey Vivian, M.P., has his seat, on the other side of the railway. One thing that helps to suggest an American railroad is the bell on the locomotive, which tolls in a conventual way, to warn off the unwary foot-passenger. This reminds me that the only dead donkey I have ever seen was lying at the side of the track here, bearing evident traces of an unwise presumption upon the leisurely pace of the Mumbles train. For, in fact, the speed of this locomotive, whatever the inference from its bell, is not American. Forty minutes for four miles and a half seems a sufficiently generous allowance.

On alighting at the Mumbles, one is naturally impelled first of all to explore the village and its seaward walks, which are curiously sheltered under steep rocks. Recently a new road has been carried along, after much blasting and carving of the cliffs, to within easy reach of

THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN PASTIMES: OUR QUIZZING ARTIST'S SUGGESTIONS.

**The Mumbles Head**

and the lighthouse, which is more convenient, if less picturesque, than the old route. In pursuing this route one should not forget, especially if one be an amateur of the sea, to notice the neat little club-house of the Bristol Channel Yachting Club, where, by a rousing fire, on winter nights, the gallant yachtsmen tell of the summer's exploits round the Gower Coast and on further voyages on Welsh and English waters. Following the new rock-hewn road until it curves around the corner westward and shows the wonderful stretch of sea past the innumerable bays that break the coast-line betwixt here and Worms Head, one is hardly likely to turn back until the first of these bays at least is reached, when, under the stimulus of the keen sea air at Bracelet Bay, one is likely to remember that the Mumbles is famous for its oysters, and that luncheon-time is near. How excellent—ah! how excellent, the oysters at the Yachting Club! as I recall them, consumed under the inspiring auspices of the namesake of a great poet! But this is vagarious, as that indefatigable yachtsman would say! Duly fortified, the enterprising stranger may well be advised next to climb the Mumbles Hill, whence the view on a sunny afternoon or a moonlight night is one of the finest sea-views in the world, even if it be somewhat extravagant to compare it, as those who have not been to Italy are fond of doing, with the Bay of Naples. From the Mumbles Hill can be seen

**Oystermouth Castle,**

which lies nearer Swansea, on Castleton-hill; and there one may well spend an hour or two within its ivied walls. The castle is much better preserved than that of Swansea, which is, no doubt, partly to be accounted for in that its history is much less eventful, as far as we can glean to-day. In the lack of exacter chronicles, however, there is the better opportunity for the imagination; and the sentimental pilgrim who comes hither may well imagine himself back into the haunted past of Old Wales as he looks from the castle walls down into the courtyard or out across the bay below. And here, with this note of antiquity ranged in his mind, so as to bear suggestively on such more modern phenomena as the railway which must presently carry him back to everyday life, our traveller may well conclude the pleasant adventure of Swansea and the Mumbles.

AP MYRDDIN.

## FUN AND FANCY.

### HIS LOVE WORTH EVEN MORE.

"Clara," he exclaimed, laying his hand upon his cardiac region, "I have long looked forward to this opportunity to tell you that I love you with all the ardour of a nature free from guile and duplicity. Say the little word, Clara, which shall make me the happiest of men. Or, if your maiden modesty seals your ruby lips, give me some little keepsake which shall mutely say that my love is returned, and which shall be a constant reminder of this, my hour of happiness. Stay! Let it be one of your golden tresses, just one little lock of your fragrant hair."

Clara blushed, and, seeing that George took up the scissors from the table, she murmured: "Nay, George, never mind the scissors; here it is [and she removed an affluent switch]; take it. It cost me two pounds, but such love as yours is worth far more than that."

### FIGURES WILL NOT LIE,

but the female figure will fool a man once in a while.

### JOHNNY'S UNCLE.

Johnny's Uncle: Now, Johnny, you know cannibals are people who live off each other.

Johnny: You 're a cannibal, ain't you, Uncle?

Johnny's Uncle: Why, no, Johnny. Why do you ask?

Johnny: Well, Pa said to Ma last night that you had been living off your relations for years.

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Magistrate: Describe the man whom you saw assaulting the complainant.

Policeman: He was a little, insignificant-looking creature, about your size, your worship.


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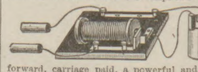

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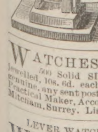

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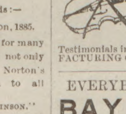

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